

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Science, and Art.

N° 2001.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1855.

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"The story which Anne has told me about your daft friend, the foreign monomaniac, is as clearly the case of a man who requires to be cognosed as I ever met with; but, as it appears to me that she has taken it most ridiculously to heart, we have brought our discussion of it to a conclusion by my consenting to her doing what you could not be told of until she had received the permission of papa.

"She has possessed herself, for a long time past, of a tale which I had at one time the intention of making the first of a series of such things drawn from the history of Scotland—a notion which I afterwards gave up: for Anne, however, that story has always possessed a great charm, and I allowed her to keep it, because I was under the impression that a mere story, which offers no particular merits but those of events and a plot, would not appear advantageously amongst works which had the higher object of painting character—that would be to take a step backward, which would never do; besides, as far as I can recollect, there are a great many anachronisms and freedoms used with persons and places which are not in keeping with the character of historian to which I now aspire.

"I consider, then, in authorizing my daughter to give you that work as a panacea for the imaginary ills of a foreign monomaniac, I only permit a change of proprietorship. At the same time, in allowing Anne to make a present to you of what is but a trifle after all, I must make a most serious stipulation regarding it—for I tell you candidly that I believe W. S. himself to be the real *malade imaginaire*—that stipulation is, that if at any time you take the fancy of publishing that tale, you will do so with the initials only, and that you will do all that you can in fairness do to countenance the idea that it is a bairn of your ain.

"I wish I could do something for you personally of some less doubtful character than that of humouring the caprices of a daft man; but you know how I am placed at present. Believe, however, that you have no more sincere friend than

"W. S."

On this extraordinary affair becoming known, the genuineness of the manuscript was of course much canvassed. At first blush the story of the German and his writing-desk had an air of fiction, too much akin to the manner in which many stories have been introduced to the world. But besides the solemn assertion of M. Cabany, a man of honour, and holding an official position of mark in literature, as Directeur-General de la Société des Archivistes de France, the German was known to other literary men of Paris, and had to them spoken of the treasure in his possession, and to them his unbounded admiration of Scott was known. M. Cabany lost no time in preparing the manuscript for publication. On the 12th November a statement was prepared for the press, of which a printed copy was deposited in the bureau of the government on the 24th, and on the 25th copies were sent to the London journals. Singularly enough, Mr. Lockhart died at Abbotsford that very day, but the dates now given refute the assertion since made that the announcement of the work was delayed until Lockhart was no longer in the way to expose the fraud. In literary circles in Paris the announcement excited much interest, and some of the most distinguished men were satisfied of the genuineness of the work, including M. Philàrète Chasles, who devoted five columns of the *Journal des Débats* to a minute examination of the whole evidence, which he declared was satisfactory to his own mind. In this country the announcement was received with scepticism, and generally treated with ridicule. Mr. James Skene, of Rubislaw, an old friend of Scott, asserted that he never signed with his initials only, a statement which was immediately refuted by the production of a note signed 'W. S.,' addressed, singularly enough, to another gentleman whose name began with the same letters as Mr. Spencer, William Scrope. Mr. Skene's strongest argument was that "the character and peculiarity of the existing circumstances of Sir Walter Scott, rendered it impossible that he could have made such a use of any of his manuscripts at such a time." This refers to the failure of Scott, and his moral obligation to devote all his labours to the service of his creditors. Mr. George Huntly Gordon, copyist of some of Scott's novels, repeated this argument, saying "it is utterly impossible that such a stain could be attached to the fair fame of my illustrious friend, as could be implied by the mere conjecture, not to say belief, that he had made a gift in 1826 of a tale in three volumes to Mr. Spencer or any other person, just after he had formed the stern resolution of consecrating to the payment of his gigantic debt the profits of every line he had

written, or might in future, by the extremest tension of his strong mind, produce." Here is M. Cabany's reply to Mr. Huntly Gordon:—

"What language can I find in which to clothe the fact I am now about to record so as to prevent it lowering the critical press of England in the eyes of my own countrymen? Will it be believed that this Mr. George Huntly Gordon, who has thrust himself forward as the *ex cathedra* authority in all matters relating to the writings of Sir Walter Scott—who tried the lengths of the capitals, the loops of the h's, the size of the paper, the style of the preface, and then the W. S. of the note to give strength to the cry in which he joined, that Sir Walter Scott could not have given the MS. to 'poor Spencer,' because he had 'consecrated to the payment of his debts every line he either had written or should again write,'—that he, George Huntly Gordon, was himself permitted by Sir Walter Scott the year after, to put W. S. to the preface of two sermons written by the author of Waverley—and to put the 250l. which Colburn gave for them into his own pocket!

"That my readers may not imagine that I am producing a *pro re nata* incredible tale, I refer them to the ninth chapter of Lockhart's fourth volume, where they will find a kind of biographical sketch of this Mr. Gordon and the transaction narrated at full length, including amongst other documents the following letter to him from Sir W. S.:—

"28th December, 1827.

'Dear Gordon,—As I have no money to spare at present, I find it necessary to make a sacrifice of my own scruples to relieve you from serious difficulties. The enclosed will entitle you to deal with any respectable bookseller. You must tell the history in your own way as shortly as possible. All that is necessary to say is, that the discourses were written to oblige a young friend. It is understood my name is not to be put on the title-page or blazed at full length in the preface. You may trust that to the newspapers. Pray do not think of returning any thanks about this; it is enough that I know it is likely to serve your purpose. But use the funds arising from this unexpected source with prudence, for such fountains do not spring up at every place of the desert. I am, in haste, ever yours most truly,

'WALTER SCOTT.'

"I question very much if in all the history of literature or literary controversy anything to equal this has ever been recorded. An individual under great obligations to Sir Walter Scott, oblivious of all those obligations and their nature—his whole soul and mind filled with the fact, repeated every time he comes on the scene, that he had copied 34 volumes of his novels, and anxious to show the public that he had not copied them without observing the lengths of the capitals and the loops of the h's—forgets that a man ought also to attend to his p's and q's when he comes forward as the accuser of the absent, and is ready to make oath that Sir Walter never did one thing and could not do another—both of which he did for himself.

"In a letter to Lockhart about the same period, Sir Walter says, 'Poor Gordon has got my leave' (he does not say that of his creditors) 'to make a kirk and a mill of my sermons.' Yet this same 'poor Gordon,' for whom Sir Walter's influence got first one place under government and then another until he finally settled in the Stationary Office—comes forward to declare the gift to 'poor Spencer' a 'strange imposture'—because all Scott's writings had been 'consecrated'—a ceremony much more applicable to sermons than to a mere story!

One word about the improbability of Scott giving up a manuscript to an unknown and seemingly not very sane foreigner. It is evident from the letter accompanying the manuscript, that he believed it was to his friend Spencer he was doing the favour, and that he was the real *malade imaginaire*, Scott

expecting that the work, being published as Spencer's, might relieve his friend from the difficulties in which he was then plunged. The gift to Mr. Gordon shows that this mode of generous liberality is not so improbable as at first it might appear. In Scott's Diary, as published by Lockhart, are some remarkable entries relating to Spencer; and it is known that they corresponded, though the letters have been suppressed by the biographer. In 1826, Scott was in Paris collecting materials for his 'Life of Napoleon.' His relations with Spencer at that time are thus noticed by M. Cabany:—

"We find from his diary one day after another, 'poor Spencer' coming to breakfast with him;—that Spencer, to whom he, the following year, makes this affecting reference on a day when he was

"Assorting papers and so forth. I never could help admiring the concatenation between Abithophel's setting his house in order and hanging himself. The one seems to follow the other as a matter of course. But what frightens and disgusts me, is those fearful letters from those who have been long dead, to those who linger on their wayfare through the valley of tears. Those fine lines of Spencer came into my head:—

"The shade of youthful hope is there
That lingered long, and latest died;
Ambition all dissolved to air,

With phantom honours by his side.

"What empty shadows glimmer nigh?

They once were Friendship, Truth, and Love!

Oh! die to thought, to memory die,

Since lifeless to my heart ye prove."

Ay, and can I forget the author, the frightful moral of his own vision?"

"And Lockhart has this note:—

"The late Hon. W. R. Spencer, the best writer of *vers de société* in our time, and one of the most charming of companions, was exactly Sir Walter's contemporary, and, like him, first attracted notice by a version of Burgher's 'Lenore.' Like him, too, this remarkable man fell into pecuniary distress in the disastrous year 1825."

"To this I may add, that M. Amedé Pichot, director of the 'Revue Britannique,' writes to me on the 17th February last, that he remembers Mr. Spencer well, and of being introduced to him in the Windsor Hotel, at Paris, by Sir Walter Scott, as his intimate and esteemed friend."

"Of all those particulars I was entirely ignorant when I received the MS. of 'Moreduin,' and published my account of the discovery. I can now see a very plain and obvious solution of the whole affair."

"Sir Walter Scott sees his old and esteemed friend, contemporary, and brother poet, at Paris, in great pecuniary distress. His kind-hearted daughter bethinks herself of the interdicted manuscript, and her father allows it to be given—not expressly for publication, but with a very plain hint at such an expectation; and seeing in such an event the trial of his early 'story-telling' with the public without compromising himself; a trial, which, if so successful as to encourage him to follow it up, would open up a new source of revenue for his creditors as well as for himself."

"I have not yet brought forward with sufficient prominence the entries in the Diary which relate to Mr. Spencer during Sir Walter's visit to Paris, nor some notices in the same record of a very curious nature, which occur just as he was setting out on that journey. With them, and they will not detain the reader long, my task will be finished."

"It appears, then, by the Diary, that Mr. Spencer breakfasted with Sir Walter and his daughter, on the 2nd November, when there is this remarkable entry:—

"I expect poor Spencer to breakfast. There is another thought which depresses me."

"On the day following, 3rd November, Spencer again breakfasted with them."

"The letter to Spencer is dated the following day—4th November—on which day Sir Walter did a very anomalous thing with him whilst in Paris. He 'stayed at home on Anne's account.'"

"If there be any who, after reading carefully the letter written on that day, and considering the nature of its contents, can possibly expect an entry of it in the Diary—let them read what follows;—the answer it gives to their inquiry is in these terms:—

"November 5. I believe I must give up my journal till I leave Paris!"

"These entries might have been considered commonplace if they had stood alone—but I ask of the candid reader who has duly weighed the many singular circumstances I have brought forward—last of all to turn with me to two very curious entries in his Diary—the one just before leaving Abbotsford for Paris, and the other while in London on his way thither."

"He makes this entry at Abbotsford—'I have a curious fancy. I will go set two or three acorns and judge by their success in growing.'"

"I need not here remind my readers of that vein of superstition in Sir Walter Scott's mind, which he held in common with Dr. Johnson and many other illustrious men, in order to call their attention to this curious act of divination, done in private, and so significant of the tendency of his thoughts at the time towards incognito undertakings;—but he himself gives it a most distinct elucidation when so soon after—that is just before leaving London for Paris—he follows it with these words:—'I am considering like a fox at his shifts whether there be any way to dodge them—some new device to throw them off and have a mile or two of free ground while I have legs and wind left to use it. There is one way. To give novelty: to depend for success on the interest of a well-contrived story!—to make the world stare and gain a new march ahead of them all! Well. SOMETHING WE STILL WILL DO.'"

"Liberty's in every blow,
Let us do or die!"

We are not disposed to enter at great length into the examination of M. Cabany's arguments, but he has certainly made out a strong *a priori* case for the genuineness of this manuscript; and the following remarks on the likelihood of Scott having written novels before those which rendered him celebrated, have much force:—

"I would just briefly remark, that as it is acknowledged that concealment was habitual to him,—as he kept no diary till 1825,—and as Lockhart does not give all that private journal, but only such portions as he judged advisable—it follows, that any such sweeping assertion, as that no work can be by the author of 'Waverley' which is not found mentioned in Dr. Lockhart's 'Memoirs of Scott,' is worth just as much as the paper it is written upon."

"Turning from Lockhart's summary to the narrative itself, the first circumstance which arrested my attention was the early demonstration of a 'tale-telling' faculty, and propensity in Scott—the repression of that peculiar talent—its exercise, in private, later in life, and its ultimate development to the public, only when he was 'constrained' to acknowledge authorships which could no longer be concealed."

"Thus I find him in 1786 writing romances in verse, 'in four books, each containing 400 verses,' and then committing them to the flames: and when I inquire into the cause of this, I find it to arise from the severity of the criticism of some friends—who were equally harsh towards his prose essays—and from a diffidence in his own talents, increased, no doubt, by experiencing the truth of the saying, that a prophet hath no honour in the little circle around him, who, in their self-conceit, think they see through him."

"That severity, which sent the first volume of 'Waverley' into retirement for eight years, was the true cause of the system of concealment which he

adopted—a system not merely of secrecy but of denial—for in 1796 he is found averring that he had never written anything beyond sonnets to his mistress' eyebrows, whilst, ten years before, he had burnt an epic of 1600 stanzas: and further on, in his diary, he says he is ready to give his affidavit, if it be necessary, that he is not the 'Great Unknown.'"

"Still his story-telling went on; in the Parliament House and in the walks round Edinburgh; where he was continually either pouring forth the overflowings of his own imagination, or borrowing the tales of others to 'put cocked hats on their heads and canes in their hands, in order to make them presentable in company.'"

"Did all the tales he then recounted,—did all the imagination which gave them birth, and vent for a space of twenty years in the collection of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border and in a volume of Descriptive Poetry every two years! Is it credible that such a story-teller, such a lover of ancient lore, who every year, at least, paid a long visit to Perthshire and the classic ground of Macbeth, or to the Border Counties of England and Scotland—and who often, as his 'grinder' Weber told Mr. Ellis, had five works in hand at the same time,—is it within the range of probability that, amongst all these works, such an imaginator, such a worshipper of classic ground and picturesque scenery, would be committing no other record to paper of his impressions during these visits than what appears in the 'Life'?"

"We might safely give an answer in the negative to such questions, on the ground of probability alone: but there exists a most singular document in the 'Life' itself which proves that there was something written—something which never saw the light of publication—and which is never so much as once elsewhere alluded to in Mr. Lockhart's work; for it was written, as we shall see, long before John Gibson Lockhart was made known to the world through the impertinences of Peter's Letters. The notice of it is contained in a letter from James Ballantyne (Scott's printer, and his greatest confidant) to Miss Edgeworth—written 14th November, 1814—that is, soon after the publication of 'Waverley'; and is in these words:—

"I am not authorized to say—but I will not resist my impulse to say—to Miss Edgeworth, that another novel, descriptive of more ancient manners still, may be expected ere long from the author of 'Waverley.' But I request her to observe that I say this in strict confidence."

"Now, that such a work must then have been in existence is clear; whereas 'Guy Mannering' and the 'Antiquary,' which followed 'Waverley,' at the interval of a year each, were pictures of more recent manners—not of 'more ancient' Romances, descriptive of more ancient manners, afterwards appeared; but the periods of the subsequent actual writing of those works are distinctly recorded, and none of them could have been the 'more ancient' story—the co-existence of which with 'Waverley' is borne testimony to by James Ballantyne."

Whether 'Moreduin' be that work or not, the foregoing considerations dispose of the assertion, that Mr. Skene, or any of Sir Walter's surviving friends, must have had knowledge of every composition which proceeded from his pen through his whole literary life. The probabilities of other works having been written are great, and the peculiar circumstances attending this alleged discovery ought at least to have procured for it fair inquiry and candid judgment. The decision must depend on internal evidence, and will require more careful examination of the work than we have at present been able to give. In justification of M. Cabany, and as a record of a remarkable incident in the history of literature and criticism, whatever may be the result in so far as the truth of Scott's authorship is concerned, we have thought it right to give the detailed statement of the

circumstances under which 'Moredun' appears before the public. Our opinion of the novel itself we reserve till next week.

The Heiress of Haughton; or, the Mother's Secret. By the Author of 'Emilia Wyndham.' Hurst and Blackett.

OF the story of 'Aubrey,' one of the best novels of last season ('L. G.', 1854, p. 440), 'The Heiress of Haughton' is a continuation. Those who read the first part of the story will be curious to learn what became of Edward Aubrey, disinherited by his father, and his brother in possession of his property and of the woman in whom his heart was bound up. After his mysterious disappearance all his friends thought he was dead, but the reader is told that his resolution was to quit his country for ever. At the close of the present tale he reappears, in time to bring about order and happiness in a scene of much trouble and entanglement. The point of greatest interest in the book is where the heroine of the tale, Imogene, daughter of William and of Lady Emma Aubrey, is made to feel that she is wrongfully the heiress of Haughton; and in obedience to a moral conviction, nobly resolves to abandon the brightest prospects of selfish enjoyment. The commencement of the mental struggle at this period is described. At the same time we must observe, in passing, that the author is too fond in her novels of representing her heroines as constrained by duty to marry one man while loving another.

"There are passages in some lives, when the soul, exposed to a fearful temptation, is summoned at once to cast down all that is dearest in the world, and, in the full extent of its meaning, 'take up the cross,' at the call of obedience and duty.

"The soul struggles, as in deep waters, and a horror of great darkness overshadows her—standing, as it were, upon the edge of that fearful gulf which severs the two eternal regions—trembling as she looks down into those depths of sin into which this one disobedience to the great command may hurl her—yet shuddering, reluctant, in the weakness of her mortality, before the immensity of the sacrifice she is called upon to make, when she flings away all that this world contains most dear.

"In this strait, the soul of the young, but heroic girl was agonising—her agony increased by that sort of hesitating uncertainty as to what was the right—or, rather—I should say (for I think from the first, whatever others may have felt, she had no hesitation herself as to what must be right)—tempted by the thousand pleading voices of contradictory feelings and principles, which it seemed impossible to reconcile—calling upon, and persuading her to swerve from the direct line—the narrow path of rectitude—in obedience to the tender, faithful affection that yearned about her heart.

"Her love and constancy to Albert—his excellence, his sincere attachment—his broken hopes and heart, were pleaded!—How would he have adorned the station which he would have occupied by her side! What a faithful regent he would have proved over her little empire!—Then her people!—how greatly everything connected with their welfare and happiness must depend upon the husband she should choose! Could she have chosen better!—Alas!—Where so well!—And then the excessive happiness!—The virtuous, rational, yet rapturous happiness! Though it was one's own happiness—was it to be counted as nothing!—was such an inestimable treasure as perfect happiness to be flung away?

"Thus the voices called and clamoured.

"There was but one answer.

"I firmly in my conscience believe, that this property is not rightfully mine. The law gives it

me, it is true, and my mother—with her usual resolute adherence to the exact truth, whatever her wishes may be—and I see how ardently she desires that which she believes to be just—my mother has not concealed this from me, that if I choose to hold this property I may. No power on earth can wrest it from me. But she tells me that I hold it by a double wrong—Ah, my father! I asked her not to enlighten me as to that; but in offering that prayer my heart made a secret vow, that the wrong—though unexplained—I would make good!"

"Perhaps my readers may think it an easy matter to abdicate—to throw up a rich inheritance and become a beggar for conscience sake! 'but, let not him that putteth on his armour rejoice like him who taketh it off.'

"Yet you will all anticipate what happened, and that right, in a heart like Imogene's, triumphed. She would yield the inheritance to Edward Aubrey's rightful heir. This was the first great sacrifice she felt called upon to make.

"When she had established herself firmly in this resolution, she became more easy. If it had not been for the thoughts of Albert, she would have taken a certain pleasure in giving place to Eugene, whom, in spite of all his faults, she loved as a brother; but to come penniless to Albert—to whom she had held out the prospect of such a rich endowment—and more especially as it regarded his family—could she bear to do it? His friends, she well knew, though expensive in their habits, were not rich. She had been upon too intimate terms with them not to be well aware of that circumstance. She doubted whether it would be right—whether it would even be possible—for the marriage now to take place. He, just entering into life, to be hampered with a marriage to one without fortune or connexions.

"Nothing but this poor heart to give, now," as she said sadly to herself.

"Of course she must release him from his engagement; that was, as she told herself, what she had to do in that meeting which she had so much desired. But there was a sweet, loving, flattering voice which whispered within her mind, that thus it would not all end—that they should not part thus for ever—and in this sweet hope she waited impatiently, yet not altogether unhappily, till Albert should appear.

"We have seen that it was not until the afternoon that she received his note, and learned that her mother had forbidden him to come; and then she dimly recollected, as one does a half-remembered dream, something that had passed on the yesterday, about Eugene."

A further stage in this mental agony is reached, when Imogene receives from her old and faithful guardian and friend, Mr. Glenroy, a letter, in which he tells her he is persuaded that Eugene is indeed the son of her father's elder brother, and that he is now convinced that the disinheritance had taken place through misconception and injustice. The effect of the reception of this letter is described:—

"Do you know what it is to have the heart die within you?

"It is a common expression—everybody talks of their heart dying within them, but do you know what it really is?

"Few—very, very few—I trust and believe, have ever experienced it.

"It is when, in the full springtide of youthful existence—before we have been hardened by disappointment, or have received one lesson in the apprenticeship of sorrow—life shuts in at once with all its prospects, and hope is totally extinguished.

"Then that human heart of flesh—whose nourishment is happiness, and the wine of whose existence is hope—dies.

"Sometimes it bursts at once, and there is an end of it. Sometimes it receives the mortal wound, and slowly, though surely, by degrees, expires.

"It was as if her heart went at once quite cold.

"It was not racked and torn with violent emo-

tions; she did not faint and fall down—far less shriek and tear her hair—far less than all, was she able to shed a tear.

"She sat quite still,—chilled to the very core, as if all the warmth within was gone.

"She saw it all.

"There was neither help nor hope—nor even sympathy. It was plain, by the whole tenor of Mr. Glenroy's letter, that he had not the slightest conception of the true distress of the case. The transference of affection—to her that invincible impossibility—seemed to him only one of those difficulties in human life which a little resolution might overcome.

"A pain, like other pains, to be struggled with and endured, in the cause of right. Not a crime against all that was best and most sacred in human nature—a sin as monstrous as impossible!

"Her last anchor had now given way. Drifting on the wild ocean of despair, she felt that utter solitude of the soul which, to one still so young, so affectionate, so docile and good, so anxious to seek council, and so earnest to consider and follow it—was the extremity of desolation and ruin.

"And so she remained passive for some time, in all the dreariness and darkness of her anguish.

"She tried to look up—but even the very light above seemed darkened. She sank under that melancholy sense of utter abandonment, which is the final proof that the combat within is becoming too strong, and that the powers of life are about to give way.

"That utter darkness never lasts long with the truly pious, loving, and humble—but there are moments when this feeling of abandonment—the last fierce trial of affliction—is added to the rest. We should none of us taste the full bitterness of the cup if it were not so.

"She could not at present reflect. She felt that some great resolution upon her part was called for—but it must be the work of time. Suddenly and hastily she would not take it. All that she could at present arrive at was, that whatsoever she felt convinced was right that she would endeavour to do.

"By-and-by she got up to return to the house. She was surprised at her own feebleness when she rose. It was as if she had gone through a sharp paroxysm of illness."

We follow no longer this painful scene, but turn to the last page, where all is set to rights according to the usual routine of such stories. The good point of the conclusion is, that the self-denying virtue of Imogene is rewarded, and Edward Aubrey himself, unexpectedly returning to the home of his fathers, is the agent by whom all is arranged. After gathering the outline of what had happened during his absence, and learning the real state of matters, especially that Imogene was pining in sickness from the disappointment in her affections, his resolution was quickly taken:—

"Rather than sacrifice that sweet young creature—perish Haughton and everything on earth he held dear! But he did not refuse to seek for some arrangement, some middle term, by which the rights of all might be adjusted.

"We never know until an able, energetic, determined spirit takes a matter up, what is or is not, possible in human affairs.

"He set himself at once to examine the stringency of those dispositions in her father's will by which Imogene appeared to be bound.

"In law papers—it is a sort of proverb I have heard—'He who binds can loose.' It has been found so in the case of still more considerable interests than even those in question here.

"The method was tried, and it was found possible to release Imogene.

"From the first hour that the hope was suggested, she began to rally; as that hope brightened, to mend; when the hope was realised, she was saved.

"Edward refused to listen to the tale of 'Alice

Craven's Romance,' as he persisted in calling it. He chose to continue to regard William as his own twin brother, and Imogene as his rightful heiress; and he insisted upon an equal division of the property being made between the two children, as the only terms upon which he would accept the least portion of it.

"So Imogene and Eugene held Armidale, which it was not easy to divide between them in equal partnership. Edward had Haughton, and Imogene left it without regret. She had suffered too much to have any difficulty in giving it up. She loved Drystoke a thousand times better.

Imogene married Albert, and Eugene married Laura.

"And I am afraid this is, after all, a very immoral story, for lady Faulconer's schemes met with a success which she very little deserved."

Detached passages, such as those which we have quoted, sustain the high opinion we formerly expressed as to the talent and power of the author of 'Aubrey,' but we cannot praise the present novel as a whole. It contains most improbable incidents, and some scenes, such as the fatal fight at Eton, of a most disagreeable kind. In the construction of the story there is either want of skill or great carelessness. The broken unconnected way in which parts of the tale are brought forward will not satisfy intelligent readers, and must be censured by a reviewer. In preparing even a passing novel, a writer is bound to the outlay of much labour and time, which may diminish immediate profit, but will secure a safer advantage in establishing a literary reputation, which a hastily written story like 'The Heiress of Haughton' must tend to damage.

What I Know of the late Emperor Nicholas and his Family. By Edward Tracy Turnerelli. Churton.

Or Mr. Turnerelli, and of his travels in Asiatic Russia, we gave some account in noticing ('L. G.' 1854, p. 417) his book on 'Kazan and the Tartar Khans.' Having resided for sixteen years in Russia, and having had some opportunity of gathering information about the late Czar Nicholas and the Imperial family, he rightly judges that the British public will receive with interest what he has to tell on this subject. His opinion of the character of Nicholas is very different from that which was generally entertained of him in England towards the close of his life. Feelings of public hostility no doubt blinded private judgment too often on this matter; but when the grave has closed over one so much hated and derided, Englishmen will not refuse to give fair hearing to what can be said in his favour. Personally, Mr. Turnerelli has every reason to speak well of the late Czar. He received the Imperial patronage in the production of an expensive work of art, 'Views of Kazan,' published at St. Petersburg. To the direction of the Emperor he once owed his life, when exposed to great danger on the Neva. The single boatman had lost all command of the boat, which was being drifted down towards the gulf, wedged in blocks of ice, when the Emperor sent down a company of pontonniers with a flying bridge, and his rescue was effected:—

"At the command of Nicholas, a company of military pontonniers, with boats, planks, utensils, &c., had hurried to the river's side.

"Make a bridge," cried the Tzar, 'and the sooner you do it, *Rebata* (children), the better I will thank you.'

"And the pontonniers set to work with a marvellous activity. They cut with their hatchets a

hole in the ice, placed a boat in it, then cut another, placing planks on these boats as they advanced, and continuing this work, in less than a quarter of an hour, this bridge was finished.

"Did I not say that our 'Batochka Tzar' would save us!" cried the moujik, as he rushed on the fragile bridge; I following in the rear.

"On reaching the shore, the moujik flung himself reverentially on the earth before the Emperor, and kissed the ground in token of his gratitude.

"I, on my part, taking off my hat, bent before the Emperor, with a silent but, I trust, with as sincere a feeling of thankfulness as the bearded Russian himself.

"You have had a narrow escape, Sir," said Nicholas to me, with a good-natured smile.

"I rejoice, Sir, in the danger I ran, since it has procured me the honour of owing my preservation to your Majesty."

"The Emperor appeared to be flattered by my answer, and added:—

"Am I right in taking you for an Englishman?"

"I am so, Sir."

"Your name?"

"I mentioned it."

"Well," said Nicholas, 'I am glad it is to one of your countrymen I have rendered this slight service.'

"I trust, Sir, my countrymen, when they hear of this action, will share, in some degree, the deep gratitude which I feel at this moment."

"The Emperor, bidding me an adieu, accompanied, with his usual military salute, sat on his droschki, and drove away, saying before he left, some few words in Russ to the grandmaster of police who stood beside him.

"The latter approached me, asked me whether I had any friends on the Admiralty side, and on my answering in the negative, recommended an hotel to me, telling me that all would be provided for me until I could return to my friends."

The way of the Czar's daily life is thus described:—

"The Emperor Nicholas was in the habit of rising early in the morning, some even say at sunrise. He threw on an old grey military cloak which served him for a morning gown, and sat down at his writing-table in this costume, to prepare his orders for the ministers, generals, &c., who were to visit him in the course of the morning.

"At eight o'clock, he dressed himself, and went out to take a walk on the Quay of the Court, along the banks of the Neva.

"It is strictly forbidden by the Russian laws to present petitions in the street to the sovereign, yet many an unfortunate dared to break through this injunction, and more than one poor soldier, widow, and serf, has had, to my personal knowledge, the courage to select this hour of the morning promenade to present to the Emperor Nicholas their requests, and not unavailingly either, (as I shall show in another page.) An nine o'clock he returned home to take his breakfast; at ten was ready to receive the different functionaries; between that hour and noon, he read and signed a multitude of papers, gave directions to the minister of war, the governor-general of St. Petersburg, &c. &c.

"At one o'clock, his phaeton, droschki or sledge, was at the door of the palace, and in it the Emperor took his place, and drove to visit some establishments in the capital: a hospital, barracks, &c. He arrived *à l'improvise*, entered by a back door, mounted the private staircase, and woe to Monsieur le Directeur and his co-operators, if all was not in proper order; they remembered to their cost that unexpected visit of the Emperor Nicholas. Or he went to a review, attended at some religious or military ceremony, and as may well be imagined, there was always plenty of such business for his Majesty to attend to.

"At three o'clock, almost daily, he might be seen walking down the Grande Morskaya, one of the principal streets of St. Petersburg, to pay a

visit to the Grand-duchess Marie, his favourite daughter. In summer dressed in a general's uniform of the Preobrajensky guard, and in winter with the addition of a grey cloak wadded or lined with a light fur. As he passed on, every person stopped respectfully to bow to him, and stood still till his Majesty had passed them, to which the Emperor replied with his usual military salute.

"At five o'clock he sat down to dinner—and such a dinner! the plainest possible—the Emperor Nicholas was no epicure, no pamperer of his appetite—a simple dish of the common Russian cabbage-soup, called *tschi*, the national dish of the peasants, a slice of the black bread, used by the lower classes, a glass of *grass*, the sour national beverage, is what pleased Nicholas far better than dainty viands and *recherché* ragouts; and the former he generally partook of. No wine, or at least very, very rarely—no smoking, for Nicholas detested the fumes of tobacco—in fact, a more abstemious man at his meals it would have been difficult to find in any country or any circle of society.

"After dinner, immediately after, he retired to the boudoir of the Empress, and spent an hour or two with her and his family; his affection for the Empress is well known, but the full extent of it is known to few. When she was sick, the Emperor attended upon her himself, watched anxiously by her bed-side, prepared and administered her food or medicines, and showed her every care and attention that the most solicitous parent could show to a favourite child. This affection for his suffering wife was one of the most amiable traits in the Emperor's character.

"In the evening, at a later hour, the Emperor went with or without the Empress to the theatre, circus, to a public ball or masquerade—he was particularly partial to the latter species of amusement. About midnight he returned home, often worked for a couple of hours before he retired to rest, then went to bed upon a hard horse-hair mattress, stretched upon a small iron bedstead, and got up the following morning to resume the routine thus described, which may be taken as the common mode in which the Emperor Nicholas passed every day of the year when he resided in the capital of his empire. It is indeed but justice to say, that no man in Europe, prince or peasant, worked harder or more willingly than Nicholas."

Many anecdotes are told illustrative of the Emperor's love of justice, his clemency, his generosity, and other good qualities. We give one or two examples:—

"The Emperor was travelling, and stopping at a post-station, he beheld standing at the door a pale, emaciated young officer, who bowed to him as he was entering the house.

"Nicholas felt interested in the young man, and approaching him said: 'What brings you to this place?'

"Sickness, Sir. I have received a leave of absence to try and improve my health at Odessa."

"What is the matter with you?"

"I suffer from a disease of the lungs."

"Then Odessa, I fear, will be of little benefit to you. You should go to Italy. Is there any impediment?"

"My means, Sir, will not allow of a similar expense."

"They shall be furnished to you. Keep up your spirits; you will, I hope, soon be better. Go to Palermo. The expenses of your journey and of your sojourn there, I shall have the pleasure of defraying. Let me hear from time to time how you are."

"Nicholas took a note of the name and address of the officer, and the money was sent him at Odessa, as the Emperor had promised.

"This last anecdote I can at least vouch for; unfortunately, the poor youth did not reach Italy. He got worse at Odessa—was unable to continue his journey, and shortly after died.

"On one occasion, I was walking on the quay of the court in Petersburg, nearly opposite the Marble Palace, where there is a ferrying-place over the Neva. A dispute had arisen between a boat

man and a soldier: the boatman claimed a half-penny from the latter for his passage. This was contrary to the laws, which direct that the soldiers—one at a time at least—shall pass the river free; but the boatman, in spite of the laws, would be paid, and seized the cloak of the soldier, refusing to give it up. This was the cause of the contest.

"Just as they were wrangling up walks the Emperor, and calling the soldier to him, inquires what was the matter. It was explained to him.

"Go to the barracks," said Nicholas, addressing the soldier, "and tell them to give you a new cloak. And as you," said he, to the boatman, "have taken such a fancy to the coat of a soldier, you shall wear it," and he sent him to the ranks in the Caucasus."

Of the charges brought against Nicholas, and the general estimate of his character, the author thus speaks:—

"The anecdotes I have related have shown the Emperor Nicholas in the light which I have been in the habit of viewing him. They are all very favourable to his character, I am aware, but they are at least, for the most part, such as I was, more or less, witness to; and I can only speak of this monarch as I have known him. Attribute the fact to whatever cause you will, but it is a positive truth, that during my long sojourn in Russia, all that I witnessed, nay, all that I heard, was in general favourable to this sovereign. If he committed bad actions, he certainly took great care to keep them secret, or his subjects take good care not to speak of them. Certain it is, I heard of none; on the contrary, wherever I went, among the nobles, merchants, employés, and foreigners, the tone in which Nicholas was spoken of, was one of unvaried admiration and respect. With the lower classes this was even carried to a degree amounting to worship. Would you have me, therefore, to prove how thoroughly patriotic I am, invent a tissue of dreadful tales, and lay them unscrupulously to the charge of the Tzar? That I cannot possibly do. There are many, very many, who have told you before, and will tell you again, that 'the Emperor was licentious, tyrannical, harsh, cruel, vindictive, &c. &c.' All that may, or may not be true. I neither affirm it nor deny it. But one thing I can state with conviction, that it has not been my lot during the sixteen years I passed in his empire, to be witness to any actions that might induce me to believe him so."

The notices of the new Czar, Alexander, will at this time be read with much interest:—

"The present Tzar inherits the beauty of his father and his fine majestic figure. His features, however, are not so regular as those of the late Emperor, but there is probably more of kindness and less of sternness in their expression.

"There is no doubt that the present Emperor is of a most amiable, kind, and benevolent disposition; the only fault I have heard found with him, for some people will find fault with everything, is that he is too much so, some pretend, even to weakness. God grant he may always remain so, say I, for excess of kindness and benevolence is not to be despised in any one, and above all, in a Russian autocrat.

"The present Tzar enjoys in every part of the empire great popularity and attachment, but nowhere more than in Finland. At a very early age, from what particular motive I know not, the late Emperor Nicholas appointed his son and heir Chancellor of the University of Helsingfors, and sent him to Finland to give its population an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the prince. It seems, the Finlanders as well as the Swedes were delighted with the Grand-duke, and he, on his part, showed the greatest interest in the country. Since that period, a kind of sweet sympathy has reigned between the prince and the inhabitants of Finland, which both have shown on more than one occasion.

"One instance I remember. Some troubles had arisen at Helsingfors, in which the students of

the University took part in a somewhat insubordinate manner, refusing to obey the orders of their chief, the Curator. The affair was represented to the late Emperor in a rather serious light. The young Grand-duke immediately set out for Helsingfors, which is some three hundred miles from his capital, to examine into the causes of the turmoil. His gentle character and well-known love for Finland soon set matters to rights. 'Tis so easy a thing for a prince to govern when he is beloved. After this affair, the present Emperor became still more popular and beloved than ever, and I verily believe his presence and words would go far to suppress any popular rising in Finland, should such ever take place in that country."

Of the extent of the accomplishments and acquirements of the Grand Duke Constantine, a highly laudatory account is given:—

"From what I know of the Grand-duke and of his character, I feel thoroughly convinced that he is yet destined to play a prominent part, both in Russia and in Europe. He is not only a man of immense talent, but he is a man of genius, and depend upon it, the world will yet hear of him more than they have hitherto done. God grant that it may be in a way that will diminish the ills of humanity, not increase them. He has in his family a beautiful example—that of the Emperor Alexander, who died beloved and regretted by all, at home and abroad—let us trust that the great talents of the Grand-duke Constantine may be directed in a way that will render his memory as dear to his countrymen and the human race as is that of his uncle, who has been surnamed in Russia 'The Benign.'"

While Mr. Turnerelli's book leaves on the whole a favourable impression of the Imperial family, it presents proofs of the low civilization and bad political condition of the Russian empire. The very instances which are given of the despotic justice and extraordinary clemency of the Czar, go to prove that the ordinary arrangements of the social system and of government are imperfect or corrupt. It is only in countries of a rude state of civilization that the common forms and rules of law and justice are superseded by the despotism, whether for good or evil, of rulers and magistrates. Most of the anecdotes which Mr. Turnerelli reports in praise of the late Emperor are in disparagement of the political and social condition of his subjects.

A Ramble through Normandy; or, Scenes, Characters, and Incidents in a Sketching Excursion through Calvados. By George Musgrave, M.A. Bogue.

NORMANDY is the country of all others on the Continent in which Englishmen ought to feel a deep interest. Apart from historical associations, this district of France is the most English in its scenery, its productions, and the character of its people. Whether beside the chalk cliffs of the coast, or amidst the green orchards, and on the furze-clad hills of the interior, the tourist is perpetually reminded of his own dear island. The reproduction of English scenery is frequently referred to by Mr. Musgrave, as in the following account of the country between Caen and Vire, in the southern district of Calvados:—

"As we advanced, the country began to be so like Devonshire, that had I been riding from Exeter to the Moors, through Sir Laurence Palk's and the Courtenay estates, the scene would have been identical. Even the red earth was not wanting; and the double-blossoming furze mingling with the lilac and bright purple heather on the round projecting masses of granite, in the quarry

region, strengthened the resemblance. By half-past nine o'clock we reached the summit of a long steep hill, from which, in the night-time, the light-house lanterns overlooking Havre are distinctly visible at a distance of sixty miles. Here we reached the estate belonging to the family of old Marshal Grouchy—Château la Ferrière. The view from this lofty eminence—the head-quarters, one would imagine, of vigorous health—overlooking the extent of country travelled over after leaving Caen, was the counterpart of that beheld from the top of Boughton Hill, in Kent—looking westward; but no river was visible. This was succeeded, very soon, by another wild region of granite, fern, heath, furze, and short underwood growth, which was almost as speedily supplanted by a range of beautifully undulating surface of wood and orchard, corn-fields and meadows, beyond which, at vast distance, rose the summits of faintish blue hills on the frontiers of Calvados. We were, therefore, not far from Beny-Bocage. We had already passed through Villers-Bocage, changing horses there. The groves hereabout seemed to be on the main road itself, which was completely shaded by beech and mountain ash, growing in a deep red soil. All of a sudden a grand panorama opened upon us, which, had I beheld it in a mirror, I should have declared to be the prospect enjoyed by travellers on the Maidstone road (northerly), from that part of Depting Hill which commands a bird's eye view of the country between Leeds Castle and Town Malling. Not even the white chalky road was wanting, in the foreground; and, had we been driving into Boxley, the descent immediately following could not have more strongly corroborated the likeness. It is a common saying that every human face has its duplicate. One often describes these startling counterparts of Nature's scenery in travelling. Confusion seemed now to have made its masterpiece; for I felt as if I had been spirited away, far away from France, and restored to my own country; and that part of the twelve miles drive from Exeter to Moreton Hampstead, which exhibits the largest extent of granite rock intermingling with wood and heather, was the spot where my imagination's eye was now resting. This vision, however, fading, the scene changed into a series of Gaspar-Poussin-like pictures: deep valleys filled for miles with the dense foliage of oak forests, crested occasionally with craggy dark-blue hills, and bordered at the roadside by undulating grassy glens which I designate as the Gainsborough bits of painting. Birch, oak, and elm contended for preëminence in the slopes of a long descent where every foot of land seemed given up to timber growth; not a dwelling in sight, for many miles; and then, behold, on our regaining the high level which the line of road had been so long traversing, another glorious *coup d'œil*, another panorama of hills and valleys, woods and orchards, pastures and gardens, golden stubbles, and 'green-appearing grounds,' as Thomson expresses it, burst upon the sight with new and inconceivable delight, to which not all my remembrances of the marches of Ancona, the mountain scenery of the Abruzzi, or the heights of Loretto, could parallel a fellow-gratification."

Mr. Musgrave, as all travellers in Normandy ought to be, is a lover of antiquities as well as of the picturesque, and with pencil as well as pen he has put on record some of the sights with which his archaeological taste was regaled in this region, so rich in architectural remains. The more remarkable of these structures are so familiarly known in England, from the drawings and the descriptions of artists and travellers, that we refrain from quoting any extracts from this portion of the journal, only remarking that many curious and striking details will be found in the book, deserving the attention of the archaeologist. We give the report of a visit to a most valuable collection of prints and illustrations of Normandy in the possession of a worthy citizen of Caen, the existence of which

may not be known to many lovers of antiquity and of art in England:—

"Some inquiries set on foot by me, during my sojourn in Caen, respecting prints and illustrations of Normandy, which I failed to obtain, introduced me to the acquaintance of Monsieur Mancell, cidevant bookseller, publisher, and print-collector, whose connoisseurship and love of fine arts had induced him to take a journey to Rome, some years since (I think in 1844) at the instance of a friend residing in that city, who informed him of one of the most valuable opportunities ever offered for the purchase, at one moment of time, of a complete and perfect collection of the finest works of every engraver and etcher, from the day of Albert Durer to the middle of the present century. The matchless collection of Cardinal Fesch comprised the *chefs d'œuvres* from England, France, Germany, Flanders, Holland, Italy, and Spain. The Cardinal died, and Mancell bought all. He showed me hundreds of massive folios, labelled, dated, and classed, according to the nation and age in which each engraver flourished. I question if Duke Albert's gallery, in Vienna, contains half the sets. All the superb and most costly folio editions, published at Naples, as illustrations of the Museo Borbonico—the splendid publications exhibited with such pride at the Vatican, the Louvre, the Bibliothéque Royale de Paris, immortalising the designs and delineation of the great schools of painting—the duplicates of the choicest prints displayed to critical eyes in our own unrivalled British Museum—are included in the late Cardinal's collection, amplified by a vast addition of inestimable value from similar treasure amassed by the deceased Lucien Bonaparte; all which became the property of Monsieur Mancell, at the cost of some thousands of pounds. He showed me 2000 portraits of remarkable men of England, and proof-prints of all Woollett's, Boydell's, Bartolozzi's, Strange's, and Lebas's best works; line and soft-ground engravings by every master that ever attained to celebrity, from the invention to the perfection of the art; and all in such beautiful condition as to render the finest finish clearly perceptible without aid of any lens. All that is precious in the illustrations of the Roman, Florentine, Lombard, Venetian, Neapolitan, Flemish, French, and Spanish schools, may be examined at will in this glorious and almost boundless galaxy of highest art; and I may truly say the mere glances I was enabled to take of even the specimen volumes, afforded me the highest gratification of taste I ever experienced since I could first hold a pencil, or scratch upon a copper-plate. Monsieur Mancell is now a town councillor, a member of the Board of Trade, and a magistrate, and has altogether relinquished his interesting business, having retired, beyond the middle-age of life, to his newly-purchased private residence—a very comfortable home, too, in Rue de Langannerie; and having previously informed me of the sum at which he acquired this inexhaustible treasure, he told me, in confidence, what amount of money would induce him to part with it. I expressed my opinion that it ought never to be divided: that either one individual, or a nation, should secure the collection in its present integrity; as he said, in reply, he fervently hoped might eventually be the case. I have in my mind's eye a purchaser; and trust some honoured merchant-vessel may reach the British shores, laden, *inter alia*, with this invaluable annexation to the cabinets already enriched by the most liberal patrons of art and science in the world. Mancell also bought fourteen paintings, formerly in the Cardinal's gallery, which I saw at Rome in 1820; one of these, by Berghem (3-ft. 10-in. by 3-ft.), cost him 2400*l.* It looks as fresh as if it had been painted twenty years ago rather than in 1643. He informed me that my old schoolfellow, Payne, one of the most eminent bibliographers now living, purchased four manuscripts from him, at a cost of 4000 francs."

Of some parts of Normandy, in which we have ourselves wandered in former days, Mr. Musgrave's clever sketches and lively descriptions have recalled pleasant recollections.

The thirty days' stay in France, which was the amount of his sojourn, has been turned to the best possible account, and his journal may serve as a useful guide-book to tourists, as well as an agreeably written account of a country thus apostrophised by one of the most popular of living French authors, Jules Janin:—"La Normandie! Terre bénie du Ciel! Les vieux âges y vivent encore dans leur sévère élégance, dans toute la majesté de leurs souvenirs. Terre féconde en vieilles ruines, en frais paysages; également chère à l'historien et au peintre, jamais elle ne sera trop célébrée."

NOTICES.

The Calendar of Victory: being a Record of British Valour and Conquest by Sea and Land on every day in the Year. By the late Major Johns, R.M., and Lieut. P. H. Nichols, R.M. Longman and Co.

FROM the days of Crecy and Agincourt, and from dates earlier than these, from the battle of Hastings and the First Crusade, this volume presents a chronicle of the successes of the English arms by sea and land, arranged as a calendar of events for every day in the year. The military and naval occurrences form separate portions of the work. The materials are chiefly derived from Beaton's 'Naval and Military Memoirs of Great Britain,' Schomburgk's 'Naval Chronology,' James' 'Naval History,' Allen's 'Battles of the British Navy,' Cox's 'Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough,' Napier's 'History of the Peninsular War,' and other well known authorities. In a work of so large a scope the space at disposal for narrating each event is very limited, but the most memorable facts are given. Some slight errors we notice, and some of the details of the carrying out the plan of the work are open to objection. The selection of occurrences is in some respects a little arbitrary, as in the introduction of battles of the civil war of the time of Charles I. We scarcely count these English victories on either side, and when they were admitted, the battle of Newbery need not have had a whole column of description, when that of Worcester is disposed of in seven lines. The king's forces in the latter case were chiefly Scots, and the victory may thus be reckoned an English one. However, these and similar points are trivial in a work the general plan of which is good, and the execution of it well carried out. The book was projected and commenced by the late Major Johns of the Royal Marines, and has been continued and completed by Lieutenant Nichols of the same corps. These officers have rendered a good service in the preparation of such a volume, adapted for youthful readers, and likely to foster in them an honourable spirit of enterprise and of patriotism.

Adventures of Frank Ogilby. By the Rev W. Wickenden, B.A. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

MR. WICKENDEN, known to many readers as 'the bard of the forest,' and the Anglo-Circassian, is a voluminous writer, notwithstanding all his troubles and disadvantages. According to his own account of himself, "it is not very often we see four distinct works, averaging four hundred and sixty pages, brought out in the course of a little more than eighteen months; and this is rendered more remarkable, when it is considered that all this was done by my own unassisted energy; that I belong to no clique of writers; that I stand quite isolated and alone; and that for the whole period above recorded I was racked with the most painful of all diseases, stone, and twice an inmate of one of the metropolitan hospitals, where a very large portion of the books was written, although I had to undergo twelve agonizing operations. I mention plain simple facts, patent to hundreds. I properly leave comment to others." Comments we do not intend to make, our only object being to give what publicity our columns afford to the notice of the publication of another work by an author who has

claims upon the charitable consideration if not the critical approval of literary readers. The story of 'Frank Ogilby' is marked by the usual characteristics of the writer, presenting much variety of observation of life and character, expressed in a style not always marked by the taste or refinement to be expected in a man of Mr. Wickenden's education and original calling. The best parts of the book are those of which the scenes are laid in Wapping and Whitechapel, and other places little attractive either to the Muses or the Graces, but among the denizens of which the author has been, by circumstances, thrown. In a book announced by Mr. Wickenden for speedy publication, entitled 'Revelations of a Poor Curate,' there will be scope for striking descriptions and useful comments, and if written with discretion and care it can scarcely fail to be a popular work.

The Olden and Modern Times, with Other Poems. By the Rev. W. Smith Marriott, M.A. Rivingtons.

THE writer of these poems, though now rector of a parish in Kent, seems to be a Dorsetshire man, or at least to select that country for celebration in his rhymes:—

"Few counties can with Dorset vie
In ancient aristocracy.
Her yeomen are an honest race;
Oh! may they ever know their place!
N'er strive to ape their betters,—who
Despise their claims when e'er they do.
Ye Yeomen! if ye would be wise,
Seek not for foreign luxuries,
Stick to your double Dorset beer,
And all the world ye need not fear."

"And now remains but little space
For those that would a volume grace,
The Dorset Fair! whose charms could I
In more than one well specify;
But others full as lovely might
With equal reason, equal right,
Assert a claim to beauty's zone,
Did I attempt to single one."

"Ah! long in peace, dear Dorset, shine!
Well might a sweeter lay than mine
From some more favoured bard proceed
More worthy of the minstrel's meed;
Yet—till some nobler Bard aspire
In Dorset's praise to tune the lyre—
Although the tribute humble be—
Accept a grateful minstrelsy."

Mr. Marriott is a vehement denouncer of "The Manchester School" of politicians, his indignation against whom inspires him in these lines:—

"Is it for these old England must
Bid ancient honours kick the dust?
Must sainted abbey's prostrate lie,
Whilst Mammon's churches dare the sky?
Shall o'ergrown factories crowd the space
The vast cathedral erst did grace?
Must chivalry, dishonour'd, rust,
'Neath cotton lords, and 'devil's dust'?"

"Disguise the truth as best you may,
Hear what an honest bard will say—
There is a contest now begun,
Which in its issue, lost or won,
Involves old England's future glory—
Or—shall she only live in story!
Shall landlords and the land defer
To cotton lords and Manchester?"

"'Live and let live'—was once the rule;
Not now, in Manchester's pert school;
'Live if you can,' 'neath rampant trade,
If not 'Ye vict'!' soon is said.
But ah! this truth th' historic page
Has chronicled from age to age,
'When trade increases, men decay'—
For Lucre eats their hearts away."

Peel and Gladstone are dealt with like severity, their commercial and financial notions being hateful in the eyes of this rural rector of the old school, the author venting his spleen against the former in this bright *jeu d'esprit* in a foot-note, "Sir Robert Peel's banner proved to be cotton and not silk, and that of those who trusted in him has indeed been worsted." What Mr. Marriott truly reverence may be gathered from his allusion to George Prince Regent, in his description of a seat in Dorsetshire, once honoured by the residence of that gallant and estimable Prince—

"Who, when he sees fair Critchill's halls,
But to remembrance runs the dials,
The time when horn and hound and chase
Once borrowed there a princely grace?"

There in the days of youth and mirth
Dwelt the 'first gentleman' on earth,
The gallant prince whose splendid reign
In after-ages will attain
(When Wellington's unequalled glory
From envy pure shall live in story)
That praise which to its laurels now
Malignant tongues will not allow."

A few pieces of sacred poetry are given at the close of the volume, so good in tone and style, that we hope they are the fruits of later and wiser meditations, and that the political pieces have been thrown off during some passing excitement, which the reverend author will regret that he has perpetuated in print.

SUMMARY.

In *Sharpe's Road-Book for the Rail*, western division, including the lines south of the Thames, and comprising the South-Western, South-Eastern, Brighton and South Coast, Great Western, London and North-Western, and neighbouring lines (Bogue), is presented a complete and well-arranged handbook for railway travellers, on the plan of the old post-road itineraries, tabular views of the lines in parallel columns being given, with detailed notices, historical, descriptive, and statistical, of the several places, after the style of the gazetteers, appended to each line. It is a carefully prepared, accurate, and convenient railway road-book.

A new volume of the *Sabbath Evening Readings*, by the Rev. Dr. Cumming (Hall, Virtue, and Co.), contains lectures and expositions on the Gospel of St. John.

In the *Notes of a Tour in the Valleys of Piedmont in the Summer of 1854*, by the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, M.A. (Nisbet and Co.), many interesting notices are given of the present condition of this country and of its people, in whom Englishmen have always felt deep interest since the days of Milton, whose noble sonnet has immortalized their sufferings and their heroism. From the time of Cromwell, who generously interfered for their protection, the sympathy of this country has not been shown in a national way, although, privately, something has been done since Dr. Gilly published his valuable book on the people of the valleys. After ages of persecution, better days have dawned on the Vaudois churches, under the constitutional government of the Sardinian monarchy. Mr. Noel's book contains a clear statement of the present state of affairs in Piedmont and Savoy, and also gives suggestions as to the methods by which his readers may best render practical aid to the poor and pious people of these Alpine valleys. It is a work in which the charm of historical associations is combined with the higher objects of Christian charity.

An episode of the first French Revolution, during the Reign of Terror, forms the subject of a book, *The Massacre at the Carmes in 1792*, by Robert Belaney, M.A., late vicar of Arlington, Sussex, now a member of the Church of Rome (Lumley). Mr. Belaney gives a narrative of this horrible massacre, when an archbishop, two bishops, and about two hundred priests were put to death by the mob, or, as it is expressed on the title page, "suffered martyrdom for the faith." The case is used as an argument for the present ecclesiastical views of the author, but the truth of history is that the massacre took place only because they were priests, and belonged to the privileged classes. They were victims of revolutionary violence, but not necessarily martyrs to the Christian faith. The Swiss guards slain at the same time have as much claim to the honour of martyrdom. It is too bad to twist to polemical uses the facts of history. The refusal of the clergy of Paris to take the oath to the new constitution of the Gallican Church was very noble, as arising from conscientious grounds, but their treatment by the government and the people was based on political, not on religious considerations. The immediate impulse to the massacre was the declaration of a mob orator that the Prussians, instigated by the aristocrats and the priests, were marching on Paris. But the book is interesting, and well worth reading. The

account of the condition and duties of the present clergy of France offers matter for comparison with the work done by the clergy of Protestant England, with vastly greater wealth and influence; and we have pleasure in adding that the book is written in a tone of earnestness and of charity.

The third volume of the *Works of Edmund Burke*, in Bohn's British Classics (H. G. Bohn), contains political miscellanies, including the speech on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts, Letters on the Penal Laws against Irish Roman Catholics, and various papers on French affairs, and on the policy of Great Britain with respect to France.

In the Standard Library the third volume is published of Dr. J. A. Condé's *History of the Dominion of the Arabs in Spain*, translated by Mrs. Jonathan Foster, a book somewhat tedious to read as a history, but full of details suggestive of romantic scenes of old Moorish and Christian chivalry.

Reprinted from the 'Edinburgh Review, with additions, are *Essays, Ecclesiastical and Social*, by the Rev. W. J. Conybeare, M.A. (Longman and Co.) The articles are—The Church in the Mountains, an account of the rural clergy of Wales and the English mountainous districts; Church Parties, an article which attracted much notice, and caused much discussion at the time of its publication; Ecclesiastical Economy; Vestries and Church Rates; Mormonism; and Agitation and Legislation against Intemperance. It is a volume of most important matter on the ecclesiastical and social condition of England.

On subjects too strictly professional to admit of more than passing notice in our columns, are the following medical treatises: *Surgical and Pathological Observations*, by Edwin Canton, F.R.C.S. (Highley); and *An Essay on the Action of Medicines on the System*, by Frederick William Headland, M.B., F.L.S. (Churchill), an able and philosophical treatise on the mode of action of therapeutic agents, which gained the Fothergillian gold medal, awarded by the Medical Society of London in 1852. This is a second edition, revised and enlarged, and contains a complete summary of all that scientific knowledge and professional experience has hitherto ascertained on this subject. Of more general interest, and bearing on questions of literary and educational application, is a treatise *On the Influence of Education and Training in Preventing Diseases of the Nervous System*, by Robert Brudenell Carter, M.R.C.S. (Churchill), a work deserving the study of all who have charge of the training of the young.

In the new edition of the *Select Works of Dr. Chalmers*, Volume Fourth contains 'Congregational Sermons' (Constable and Co.) This and the preceding volume in the series, contain the whole of the sermons published by Dr. Chalmers during his lifetime. Apart from their theological value, these sermons will live in English literature, from the eloquence of their language, and the power of illustration, which formed the characteristics of the style of the greatest pulpit divine of modern times.

A collection of *Tales and Sketches of New England Life*, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe (Low, Son, and Co.), comprises the 'May Flower,' and other miscellaneous works of Mrs. Stowe, written before her name became famous as the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

Under the title of *Historische Gedichte, Lebenskissen, und Naturbilder*, von Edwygrau, (Frankfurt, Kettenbell), a volume of German poems, deserves mention from us, though not professing to take detailed notice of modern foreign literature. The principal pieces in this work are on subjects taken from English history, such as Anne of Cleves, Henry the Eighth and Catherine Howard, and Lady Jane Grey. The author enters with intelligence and feeling into the stories of our English records, and turns the facts skillfully to poetical use. Among the minor pieces are descriptions of localities and manners in Ireland, Scotland, and America; and also some lighter songs and *jeux d'esprit* of an amatory or sentimental strain. The poems about Henry the Eighth may have additional interest to those readers who have had their imagi-

nations kindled by the brilliant scenes now displayed on the London stage in illustration of Shakspeare's drama.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Chambers' Zoology, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Crawford's (Miss) French Cookery and Confectionery, 3s. 6d.
Davies and Laurent's French Mercantile Law, cr. 8vo, 7s. 6d.
Felix on the Bat, small 4to, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Goodwin's (Rev. H.) Guide to the Parish Church, 3s. 6d.
Grant's Historical Sketch of the Crimea, fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.
Hallam's Middle Ages, post 8vo, cloth, Vol. 1, new ed., 6s.
Harrison's Notes of a Nine Years' Residence in Russia, 10s. 6d.
Hughes's (E.) Explanatory Arithmetic, part 1, 2nd ed., 1s. 6d.
Teacher's Copy, 3s. 6d.
Jones's (J.) Spiritual Piety, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Kingsley's (C.) Westward Ho! 3 vols., post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.
Glaucus, fcap. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Latham's (Dr. R. G.) English Language, new ed., 2 v. £1 8s.
Milton (John) Account of the Life of, 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d.
Montgomery's (R.) Omnipresence of the Deity, 28th ed., 4s.
Sanctuary, 18mo, bound, 5s. 6d.
Moore's (T.) Poetical Works, 1 vol., post 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d.
Moreud, 3 vols., post 8vo, cloth, £1 11s. 6d.
Morning of Life, 12mo, cloth, new edition, 2s. 6d.
My Brother's Keeper, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Private Life of an Eastern King, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
Selwyn's (G. A.) Verbal Analysis of the Bible, folio, cl., 14s.
Stewart's (D.) Works, 8vo, cloth, Vol. 7, 12s.
Stier's (R.) The Words of the Lord Jesus, 8vo, Vol. 1, 10s. 6d.
Sunshine of Greystone, 12mo, cloth, new edition, 5s.
Tanner's (T. H.) Clinical Medicine, royal 32mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Topham's (E. C.) Philosophy of the Fall, &c., 8vo, cl., 8s. 6d.
Ullman's (C.) Reformers before the Reformation, 10s. 6d.

MR. HEATH'S EXODUS PAPYRI.

Roy. Soc. Lib., 4, St. Martin's-place,
May 19th, 1856.

SIR,—This very extraordinary book, reviewed with especial favour in this day's 'Athenæum,' has just come into my hands; and I hasten to inform you that the chronology of the 19th dynasty of the kings of Egypt, which its author has assumed upon the sole authority of Miss Fanny Corbux, is altogether based upon monumental facts taken by this lady, without acknowledgment, from a work of mine, which appeared nine years ago, entitled 'Ancient Egypt, her testimony to the truth of the Bible.' Not only has this lady made no acknowledgment of her obligations to me, but, in the single passage in which she mentions my book, she speaks of it with extreme disparagement (see 'Journal of Sacred Literature,' Oct. 1851). I may perhaps be allowed further to mention upon this point, that I certainly was the first to state that the Exodus must have taken place at the termination of the 19th, or, as it was generally named when my book was published, the 18th dynasty; and I am glad to find that Dr. Lepsius has arrived at the same result.—I presume by an independent examination of the evidence, which adds greatly to the certainty of the discovery. As he makes no mention of my book, I conclude that it has not fallen into his hands.

It is, nevertheless, for a far more important purpose than to complain of the young lady's plagiarism that I now address you, though perhaps I may have some right to do so. It will more interest the public to know that Miss Corbux and Mr. Heath have assumed upon my sole but unacknowledged authority, several statements of mine, which the study of the monuments themselves in Egypt, and many years of close attention to the subject, have compelled me either to retract altogether, or greatly to modify. This I am about to do at length in the forthcoming new edition of the work in question, 'Egypt, her Testimony.' In order, however, to unravel some of the knots into which Mr. Heath's book tends to tie up our already entangled subject, you will perhaps allow me through your columns to correct one or two of the mistakes into which I have unwittingly led this gentleman.

1. "The usurper, Siphtha, must have been the Pharaoh that perished in the Red Sea, inasmuch as he constructed for himself and his wife, in the valley of the Kings, a magnificent tomb, but he was never buried in it." This statement is made on my sole, but of course unacknowledged, authority, repeatedly throughout the book, both by Miss Corbux, who writes the Chronological Introduction (see p. 24), and by Mr. Heath. I am sorry

to have to tell them and the public that this, my statement, is altogether a mistake. The usurper, Siphtha, as they are pleased to call him, was buried in his own tomb. I had been misled into this blunder by the very obscure writing of Rosellini, at that time the only authority for the state of the tombs in the valley of the Kings that had appeared. He did not seem to be himself well informed of the facts of the case, and therefore wrote equivocally, as the Italians well know how to do. But the hall in which Siphtha and his wife were buried remains to this day, and the place in which the sarcophagus stood may yet be seen upon the floor, though of course the sarcophagus itself has been long since removed, like every other finished one in the valley; for these richly decorated troughs or vessels were in great request amongst the Greeks and Romans, and were frequently used as fountains in Rome and other great cities, so that there was a large demand for them, and it paid well to have them drawn up and shipped on the Nile.

Now I can very well excuse Mr. Heath's mistake upon this point, for he tells us (page 66) that he has "but a general acquaintance with the subject." I nevertheless may perhaps be pardoned the suggestion, that such an acquaintance is by no means sufficient to justify any one in venturing to print upon it. But I grieve to say I cannot find the same apology for the young lady, inasmuch as had she referred to the lithographed journal of Champollion (Paris, Didot, 1844), pp. 448-459, she would have found the same fact stated there, with the exception of the place where the sarcophagus stood, which Champollion does not mention; but of which, being much interested in the question, I took special notice when in the valley of the Kings.

2. Another mistake of mine, into which I have betrayed these writers, I must also correct. The foreigners named by Champollion the *Lower Ruten* or *Lodan* are not the Rephaim, as I erroneously supposed nine years ago. In two works since published I have stated, at great length, what seems to me to amount to a complete proof, that they are the Arvadites, by whom the cities of Tyre and Sidon were built, and who, as we know from Herodotus, had settlements or factories in Lower Egypt. Mr. Heath, following Miss Corboux, talks, nevertheless, of a "Rephaite usurper in Egypt," and of a "Rephaite Melchisedec priesthood," throughout his pages; thus immortalizing another of my acknowledged and corrected mistakes. This gentleman speaks of my last published book contemptuously enough: "Mr. Osburn, I see, gives a theory of the history, but he gives none worth notice of the chronology" (p. 139). Perhaps had the Rev. gentleman taken the trouble to look through my "Monumental History of Egypt," he might have found something which was worth his notice, on these two points at any rate, possibly on some others also.

3. I really find it a somewhat disagreeable duty to have thus to read my negative confession to the public, I will therefore give but one particular more, omitting many others. The city called *Pen*, which is represented on several temples of Thebes, being besieged by the kings of Egypt, cannot be Punon, in Mount Hor, as I erroneously assumed it to be. Punon is too far from the borders of Egypt to render it possible that heavy objects like granite obelisks and masses of stone for building temples could be transported thence to Egypt across the mountains of Sinai, but such are constantly both represented and stated on the monuments to have been brought from Pen to Egypt. It must, therefore, be some quarry closely adjacent to the valley of the Nile, and this is also suggested by the name itself, which signifies "border land," or "mountain." All this I have already stated in print. Yet here again my acknowledged error is adopted and perpetuated by Miss Corboux and Mr. Heath.

These, sir, may serve as specimens of many similar instances which I have already found in Mr. Heath's pages.

One word more, and I have done. I copy the following passage from Mr. Heath:—"Now, the

simplicity of Miss Corboux's matter-of-fact method of proceeding will raise a smile at the expense of her learned predecessors," myself being, of course, one of those predecessors. My present communication may also possibly raise a smile, but at whose expense I respectfully leave it to Miss Corboux, Mr. Heath, and your readers to determine. Yours, &c. WILLIAM OSBURN.

THE EXHIBITION OF FRENCH PAINTINGS.

THIS is the second year of an Exhibition which promises to take root and be permanent amongst us. Originating in private enterprise, the idea was opportunely carried out at a period of remarkable unity and community of interests between England and France, and the fine arts may now hope to share in the benefits of the *entente cordiale*. The same encouragement is still actively at work; but another cause—viz., the Great Paris Exhibition, has tended to operate the other way, and to deprive this gallery of several valuable works. But in spite of this, an assemblage of pictures is exhibited this year, which we think even surpasses that of last in average merit, though it does not boast of so many first-class works of interest. The finest here are many of them from English collectors. The largest subject in the room is Delaroche's *Stratford going to Execution* (42), from the collection at Sutherland House, a work, the startling and original composition of which has justly made it popular; and, indeed, no modern work by a foreign hand is more abundantly familiar to us by various woodcuts and engravings. *The Agony of Christ in the Garden* (41), is the other subject by this master, where the quality mostly necessary to success is depth and force of emotion, for its general character no one could fail to render intelligibly. This especial quality we have not been able to discover in this work, where, however, masterly and peculiar powers in light, shade, and colour, have produced secondary effects of great vigour. *Joseph Sold by his Brethren* (200), by Horace Vernet, is large in composition, accurate in costume, figures, and climate, and bright in colour, and altogether conveys no inadequate idea of the powers of the artist. But if faults are to be specified, the composition is marred by a certain confusion brought about by the very richness of the materials. The story does not tell itself simply; and the group is indiscriminately crowded together. Its style, however, is unmistakably characteristic of the author, and of the highest class. The other work by Horace Vernet is from an English collection, being a portrait of *Victoria, a Peasant Girl of Albano* (201), a production every way worthy of its author, broad, dignified, and true to the simplicity of nature.

Scarcely inferior in importance to these, and perhaps equal to them in interest, is a small subject from the story of *Francesca di Rimini* (93), by M. Ingres, member of the Institute. This is almost the only work that has yet appeared in England by an artist of great foreign repute. It is painted in the old classical Italian style, with something of the manner of the Antwerp followers of Raphael; a work not without an affected knowledge of antiquity, which has an air of pedantry, but still of sufficient delicacy and force, together with its peculiarities, to account for its popularity. The moment chosen is that when the enraged brother and husband is about to take his revenge on the lovers, and his haggard and passionate features contrast awfully with the serene beauty of Paulo and Francesca.

Close adjoining is a wonderful specimen of minute and elaborate handling in a small subject, *The Lansquenett Guard* (144), by Meissonier. This marvellous piece of skill will bear the closest examination under a magnifying glass; nor does it lose its accuracy of drawing, force of expression, or harmony of colour, when subjected to this test. As an instance of execution, it is one of the most remarkable in the collection, and is valued at 300 guineas.

Ary Scheffer is very inadequately represented

by his single head, *The King of Thule* (176). The story is not told in this picture, nor does the head itself possess anything beyond commonplace in design or execution.

M. Biard contributes a variety of subjects, all more or less humorous. In the *Poste Restante* (8) this quality is too predominant, and degenerates into caricature; but in *The Pirates* (5), and some others, it is made strictly subservient to the more important action. This is, in many respects, a singular work, the idea being apparently an original one. The pirates, by dressing themselves so as to look at a distance like ordinary passengers, listening to the strains of a fiddler who stands in the middle on a bag of powder, hope to attract some strange vessel as their prey, whilst, concealed behind the bulwarks, lie murderous-looking fellows armed with guns and cutlasses. *Newly Decorated* (7) is another of those *genre* subjects remarkable for its force and skill.

The works of Frère (Eduoard Pierre) are particularly suited to English taste, from the mastery union of freedom and accuracy they present, a style of composition which is independent of local and personal peculiarities, and which yet conveys the idea of character to the spectator. *The Cut Finger* (7), *The Landress* (72), *The New Scrapbook* (73), and *Preparing the Children's Breakfast* (75), all display as much taste in delineation as power in execution. Plassan is an artist scarcely inferior; indeed, nothing can surpass the delicacy of some of his subjects; and a *Berne Peasant Woman* (86), by Guillaume, is of high merit.

Many, however, of the artists in this line—that of figures—fail, either in the selection of their subjects, which, attempting to be piquant, degenerate occasionally into inelegance, as in some of the works of MM. Fichel and Lafou, though the execution of some of the latter is most admirable in all the details of carpets, curtains, lace, &c.; or sometimes in the too exclusive adherence to French features, attitudes, and dresses, displaying natural and individual peculiarities rather than character, as in the conversation scenes of Chanet, Monfalter, and Fichel; or sometimes in the hard and liny manner of execution, as in the works of Duverger, and even of Troyer. But in the latter there is much to admire. *The Drawing Lesson* (188) is full of life, and composed in a broad and free style. *The Toilet* (189) is equally admirable. *Pelissier at the Bastille Taming a Spider* (54), by Duverger, is a striking subject, with admirable points about it, as for instance in the height of the chambers, which adds to the melancholy effect of the prison. *The Rendezvous* (138), by Loris, though simple in subject, is distinguished at once by the freshness of its composition. This, however, and another by the same artist, *The Little Knitter* (139), have evidently owed some of their success to photography.

In landscape and kindred subjects Middle Row Bonheur has no rival in the interest her works inspire. Of her three paintings, each is distinguished at once by its masterly superiority. In the *Charcoal Burners* (21), the oxen literally seem to be walking out of the picture; and the *Team of Oxen* (22) and the *Calves* (23) are each of them *chef d'œuvre*; the latter in particular combines every excellence that the nature of its subject will allow.

Rousseau is another landscape painter whose peculiarities are great, arising partly from the nature of his subject, but whose mode of treating light and distance deserves notice. Thuillier, as before, is distinguished for a mannered but very fresh and bright treatment of Alpine scenery. Le Poittevin, for lively and spirited scenes of shipping, marine, and sea-coast subjects. Auguste Bouheux exhibits some rich and glowing lights in his *Mountain Scenery in Auvergne* (14), and Dupré has a pleasing subject in his *Shepherd of Les Prés Salés* (49). Loguille presents some peculiarities of style, evidently from Italian sources, in his *Village* (123). De Beaumont has some good figures and landscapes (3) and (4), and the *Frail* (174) of St. Leon is unrivalled for freshness and delicacy.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

At the anniversary meeting, on Thursday, of the Linnean Society, some welcome indications were given that the council of this ancient and respected body of naturalists have had their attention called to some useful improvements by the popular cry of administrative reform. The new President, Thomas Bell, Esq., seems disposed to bring his conciliatory aid to bear in brushing away the cobwebs that have kept this Society so long in a state of comparative inaction, and we have sincerely to congratulate the members on the resolutions that were on Thursday announced from the chair. In the first place, the President, acting upon the very proper example of the Geological, Geographical, and some other Societies, delivered an address on the state and progress of the study of natural history in this country, in which important testimony was given of the new interest taken in the advancement of natural science by Parliament and by the Government, as evidenced in the recent academical changes at Oxford and Cambridge, and in the foundation of the Museum of Practical Geology in Jernyn-street. To this we shall, however, more particularly allude when it comes before us in a printed form. And, in the second place, the President announced that it was intended to establish a quarterly octavo journal of the Society's proceedings, to be distributed gratuitously, so that members may now communicate their zoological and botanical discoveries and observations with a tolerable certainty of their being speedily published. It is obvious that, along with these changes, some improvement will be needed in the Society's finances, and we would urge upon the attention of the council, whether some steps cannot be taken to add to its list of members. The newly elected councillors appear to be all men of ability and vigorous action, and we trust that, with spirit and prudence, the Linnean Society will ere long regain its old prosperity.

Mr. C. Roach Smith has issued a pamphlet complaining that the offer of his collection of London antiquities has been disregarded, both by the Lord Mayor and by the Trustees of the British Museum; and makes the following declaration of its claims on the attention of the public, in relation to its scientific and antiquarian value.

1.—The collection has been gathered under circumstances such as are not likely to occur again.

2.—It was not formed with any view to sale, or pecuniary remuneration in any way.

3.—Its peculiar value depends on the copious illustration it affords of the social habits and customs, and of the industrial life, of the inhabitants of London in past ages, of the arts, as practised within its walls, or as influencing the character of its inhabitants. Every object speaks, more or less, of the successive generations who have lived and died in the metropolis of Britain, and reveals something of their history which is untold by the pen of the historian. It is in this respect that the Collection stands alone and unrivalled. It does not illustrate Etruscan life or Egyptian. It neither surprises us with wonders from Nineveh and Babylon, nor captivates us with the finished grace of Greek works of art. Nor is it a rich and costly assemblage of objects which would please the luxurious and rich by rarity or adventitious value. But it relates wholly to England and the English. It brings before us our predecessors upon the ground which we now occupy. It reveals our forefathers in their every-day life, in their villas and in their houses; in the streets of ancient London; it reveals glimpses of them in their homes, in their costume, surrounded by the products of arts which administered to their comfort and to their luxury. Of the thousands of objects which constitute this Museum each tells its tale, and brings us better acquainted with those from whom we have sprung, or from whom we have inherited our institutions, laws, language, and national character.

4.—In this country, the National Antiquities have been almost entirely neglected. While every other European nation regards them with veneration and adapts them for public instruction, in England they have not been recognised; or are superseded by collections which have little or no bearing upon the history of our own country.

5.—In no city or town in England is this fact more obvious than in London, the Corporation of which has neglected, within the last few years, the opportunity of securing several collections of local antiquities which are now scattered and lost.

6.—Scarcely any local collection has ever been preserved, after the death of its owner, in any public or private museum; the only exception being the Kentish Saxon Sepulchral Remains, offered at a low price to the Trustees of the British Museum; rejected by them; and secured by the liberality and public spirit of Mr. Joseph Mayer, of Liverpool.

When referring to the offer of this collection to

the British Museum in our Number of the 24th February (*ante*, p. 122), we remarked that the price of it, 3000*l.*, seemed excessive, and suggested that a more generous estimate might be formed of Mr. Smith's patriotism and scientific ardour if the offer was made subject to a valuation, to be agreed upon in detail between two competent archaeologists, one on the part of the owner of the collection and one on the part of the purchaser. Mr. Smith replied to this, that he had no reason to think the Trustees of the British Museum considered the price excessive, and that if his offer be declined, it must, he thought, be from some other reason. It appears now that the Trustees fully entertained Mr. Smith's offer, and directed their officer of the Department of Antiquities, Mr. Hawkins, to examine the collection. His estimate of its value did not, however, come up to that set upon it by Mr. Smith, and the purchase has been declined. We cannot blame Mr. Smith for keeping to his price of 3000*l.* while "a noble lord, who stands at the head of archaeology in this country, has avowed himself willing to give that sum for it any day;" and only regret that the noble archaeological lord, when recommending the purchase to the Museum Trustees, was not successful in bringing them over to his own more substantial opinion. For ourselves, we do not like the tone in which this matter has been brought before the public. Much as we value Mr. Smith's collection of London antiquities, and much as we should like to see it in the British Museum, we must protest against the arbitrary manner in which the Trustees have been called upon to buy it.

There was a fair attendance of publishers and visitors at the annual festival of the Literary Fund on Tuesday, but not so many men of scientific and literary eminence as are wont to assemble on these occasions. Mr. Thackeray would have presented himself but for ill health. The Bishop of Oxford carried the event off with great *éclat*, through his own impassioned speaking, and subscriptions were announced in the course of the evening to the amount of 800*l.* The chairman was supported on the right by Archbishop Whately and Mr. Beresford Hope, and on the left by the American Minister and Sir Archibald Alison, the last of whom delivered an eloquent and patriotic speech in reference to the war in the Crimea. Owing to the difference of opinion that has arisen among literary men, as to the mode of administering the funds of this corporation, the annual festival is not cheered by the presence of Mr. Dickens, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Forster, and some others of distinguished literary repute; but steps are, we understand, being taken to put matters on a more satisfactory footing, and we trust that the opposing parties will, by the next annual gathering, have settled their differences, and muster strong together in mutual harmony.

The order in Council for testing the qualifications of candidates for the civil service is an important step towards administrative reform. Such a measure could not have been long delayed by the Government after the example set by the East India Company in regard to their civil service. The order may have been the result of political pressure, but its merits are obvious, so far as they extend. A board of commissioners, assisted by examiners, are to grant certificates of qualification, after ascertaining—1. That the candidate is within the limits of prescribed age; 2. That he is free from physical defect or disease likely to interfere with proper discharge of his duties; 3. That he bears a good moral character; and 4. That he possesses the requisite knowledge and ability for his office. The detailed regulations are left to the heads of the several departments. A period of six months' probation is to be undergone before final appointment to any office. Power is left with the chiefs of each department to make appointments without certificates, on account of special qualifications. This last clause, it may be said, leaves the door open to the usual nepotism and patronage of official life, and the efficacy of the certificate system will depend entirely on the men chosen as examiners, and the regulations drawn up by the chiefs

of departments. The commissioners appointed by Government are, Sir Edward Ryan, assistant controller-general of the Exchequer; Mr. Shaw Lefevre, clerk-assistant to the House of Lords; and Mr. Edward Romilly, chairman of the Board of Audit.

The new Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, Sir George Grey, has already introduced measures for the permanent amelioration of the colony. He has proposed to the Cape Parliament a vote of an annual grant of 8000*l.*, for education among the Kaffirs. He has planned the institution of industrial schools among the natives, under the superintendence of the clergy and the missionaries, similar to those which produced so much good in New Zealand during his government. Not from official reports but from private information, we have heard of these movements of a Governor whose energy, ability, and conscientiousness will be usefully devoted to the improvement of a colony which has hitherto been the source of much expense and trouble to the mother country. Some of the fruits of Sir George Grey's literary labours in New Zealand we shall have occasion to notice next week.

An admirable Catalogue has been issued of the principal works contained in the newly formed Art-Manufactures Library, at Marlborough House, compiled by Mr. Ralph N. Wornum, the Librarian. The books are classed under as many heads as there are letters in the alphabet, and arranged in each division in alphabetical order. The Library consists of about 5000 volumes and 100 portfolios of prints and drawings, and it is open to the public every day, from ten in the morning until nine at night, on payment of sixpence, which will afford admission for a week, or of eighteenpence for a month. The present attendance average about forty persons a day.

The English portion of the Paris Exhibition of Fine Arts appears to excite very general admiration. M. Théophile Gautier, formerly of the *Presse*, now of the official *Moniteur*, has written thereon, in his general notice of the Exhibition:—"The distinctive characteristics of the English part of the Exhibition are a frank originality, a strong local savour. England owes nothing to other schools, and the arm of the sea which separates her from the continent seems, so far does it remove her, to have the width of the Atlantic. An English painting, whatever be its merit, may be recognised at once by the least practised eye. Invention, taste, drawing, colour, touch, sentiment—everything differs. One feels oneself transported into another very distant and very unknown world, although we can breakfast at Paris and dine at London on the same day. The English is a special art, refined up to mannerism, bizarre up to *chinoiserie*, but always aristocratic and gentlemanlike, of worldly elegance and fashionable grace, of which Books of Beauty and Keepsakes present the purest types. Antiquity has nothing to see therein. An English picture is as modern as a novel of Balzac; the most advanced civilization may be seen in its most insignificant details—in its brilliant varnish, in the preparation of the canvas, and in the colours. Everything is perfect. At the first glance we are more astonished than charmed, but the eyes become accustomed to the strange and charming tones, to the satined lights, the transparent shadows, the silvery reflections, the rustling stuffs, the clouds of muslin, the long spirals of brilliant hair; and amidst all this coquetry we recognise a very delicate sentiment of movement, a rare understanding of the *mise en scène*, a philosophical study of characters and of the physiognomy. Reynolds and Lawrence, with their large and somewhat rough manner, seeking for colour and effect, are no longer the models followed: Gainsborough and Constable have also served their time—they are admired, but no longer imitated. Wilkie has still some faithful admirers, but they are few in number. The existing English school now follows few other rules than those of its own caprice: each one allows himself to follow his own individual inspiration, but without ever losing the British stamp." The same distinguished critic devotes the first article, which follows his introduction, to the English school; it

will be found in the *Moniteur* of Wednesday. In it he speaks of the works of Andsell, Maclise, Ward, Lucy, Foggio, Cross, Cope, Armitage, and Baw—of those of Maclise at great length; and he expresses admiration of all. "But," says he, in conclusion, "it is not in historical painting that the English school shines, and we have only ceded to usage in occupying ourselves first of all with its largest paintings. In our next articles we shall speak of Mulready, Landseer, Grant, Hunt, Egg, Frost, Hook, Webster, and Leslie, the true original talents, the incontestable glories of England!"

A third contribution to the Patriotic Fund, to the amount of 1000*l.*, has been sent from the Amateur Exhibition of Pictures, now established in Burlington House. The sale of the picture by the Princess Royal, for 250*l.*, and of the other sketches by the royal children, helped to make up the present contribution, which is devoted entirely to the widows and children of officers who have fallen in the war.

On the motion of Lord Canning, the Postmaster-General, the newspaper stamp act passed the second reading in the House of Lords on Thursday. Little novelty appeared in the debate, the whole subject having been so fully discussed in the other house. Lord Montague was the only peer who spoke against the repeal of the stamp, Lord Canning replying that the chief reason for altering the existing law was that it is no longer operative.

The Gresham Lectures for Trinity term commenced this week at the College in Basinghall-street. Professor Edward Taylor's music lectures are given on Monday, June 11, and two following evenings, when he will continue his historical sketches of the Italian classical composers.

Signor Monti is about to give a course of lectures on ancient and modern sculpture, commencing on Wednesday, the 30th inst.

The Rev. J. Grote, M.A., Senior Fellow of Trinity, has been appointed to the chair of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, lately held by Dr. Whewell.

Mr. J. Y. Akerman, Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, has been elected a Member of the Royal Academy of Stockholm.

M. Gauthier, of the French Institute, and an architect of merit, died at Paris a few days ago.

At the Royal Italian Opera, Madame Grisi, as had been very generally anticipated, has reappeared for a short engagement. In their announcement the Directors enter into explanations about Madame Grisi having been prevented immediately taken up her residence at Florence, and other circumstances with which the public have no concern further than that they are afforded the gratification of again witnessing some of the grand representations, which it will not be easy to find another to sustain with equal power as an actress and a singer. *Leonora in La Favorita* was the part in which she appeared on Thursday evening. Her performance in the last act, one of the grandest passages in the whole lyric drama, was as beautiful and impressive as ever. Mario as *Fernando* sang and acted throughout in a manner which he has never excelled. His voice has gained in strength, and lost nothing in sweetness, from his transatlantic trip. In the part of *King Alfonso*, Graziani achieved a new success, and the fine air, "O tante amor," was loudly encored. Lablache as *Ealthazar* was very impressive, and the whole opera was given in a most effective manner. It is to be repeated to-night. Next Thursday, *Don Giovanni* is announced, when Tamburini, for the first time these three years, will appear in this favourite character.

A new opera by Halévy has been produced at the Théâtre Lyrique at Paris. When almost everything that has the pretension to be an opera gains more or less success now-a-days, it would be hardly possible for one by the distinguished composer of *La Juive*, the *Reine de Chypre*, and other great works, to be received with anything less than marked favour. And such has been the reception of Halévy's new work, and assuredly it deserves it. It is called *Jaguarita, l'Indienne*, and is in three acts. The scene and the subject of it are, if not new, at least not too familiar to the public; and

there is a certain degree of originality in the characters. The music of M. Halévy displays that profound knowledge of the mechanical part of the art, and that originality of conception for which he is noted. The overture is full of lightness, grace, and elegance. In the first act there are not fewer than seven *morceaux*, one or two of which are of great beauty; and, in the second and third acts, amongst the *morceaux* which are particularly admired, may be mentioned an air with chorus, full of musical science, of grandeur, and of charm, and a chorus of savages, which displays almost terrible energy. The opera was admirably sung, especially by Madame Cabel, but the execution of the orchestra might have been more perfect.

The Grand Musical Congress of the west of France is to be held this year at Poitiers, on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of June. Amongst other things, the Imperial Mass of Haydn, a symphony of Beethoven, a fragment of Handel's oratorio of *Sampson*, and a fragment of Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, are to be executed.

The *Vêpres Siciliennes* will very shortly be produced at the Grand Opera at Paris, and Auber's new comic opera, *Jenny Bell*, is shortly to be brought out at the Opéra Comique.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—March 9th.—Rev. John Barlow, F.R.S., Vice-President and Secretary, in the chair. Thomas Sopwith, F.R.S., 'On the Mining Districts of the North of England.' Mr. Sopwith described the North of England as the central portion of the island of Great Britain, lying midway between the extreme north of Scotland and the south coast of England; well defined in three directions, by the Scottish border on the north, and by the ocean on the east and west: midway also, as regards its surface elevations, between the level of the sea and the highest mountains of Britain; and the chief strata of this district as also nearly midway in the well-defined series of stratified rocks. Southward, its limits are less definite; but the most important mines of coal, iron, and lead, being in the counties of Northumberland, Durham, and Cumberland, the illustrations were at present confined to those counties. The importance of these minerals imparts interest to the several circumstances connected with them; and the models, maps, and drawings exhibited were selected in order to present, as clearly as could be done in the brief limits of an hour's discourse, the conditions of physical geography, the detailed as well as the general position, depth, and sub-divisions of strata, the mode of working coal, iron, and lead, and the character of the more remarkable antiquities. A large map, on a scale of one inch to a mile, showed, by appropriate colouring, the extent of country drained by the rivers Coquet, Wansbeck, Blyth, Tyne, Wear, and Tees, on the eastern side of the district, and by the river Eden, on the western side towards Carlisle. Of these rivers, the Tyne is at once seen to be the most extensive and important. The hills between these rivers, and the lands adjoining them, seldom exceed 2000 feet in height, and it is only recently that any correct measurement of the elevations has been commenced by the Ordnance Survey. Some of these were described as indicating the height of the moors, where traversed by the turnpike road from Middleton in Teesdale, to Alston—the 10th milestone, southward from Alston, being 1880-39 ft. above the mean level of the sea, and the 8th milestone on same road, 1963-37 feet. The church at Alston, at 3-62 feet above the surface, is 956-80 feet above sea level. The highest summit of this range of mountains is, at Crossfell, about 2900 feet. The detailed section of strata and mines at Allenheads represents a tract of country varying from 1400 feet to 2200 feet. The meteorological conditions of different parts of the district consequently vary considerably; and a diagram, prepared by Mr. Bewick, illustrated the exact range of observations of barometer, thermometers, and rain gauge, during the months of December 1854 and January 1855.

The position of the strata, as regards facilities for mining, is mainly dependent on the elevation of the country. This was illustrated by a model, made in separate moveable parts, showing the coal measures, millstone grit, and mountain limestone formations, and representing, first, the conditions of the several rocks previous to being dislocated by a fault; secondly, the effects of such a fault, or break of the strata, by which on one side the strata are depressed; and thirdly, the subsequent results of denudation, or wearing away of the surface by water. The direction of the great Tyneable fault was shown on the large map, and the amount of depression varies from 500 to 1000 feet. The situation of the principal coal-fields of the North of England was also described, as also the several harbours, of the number and extensive improvements of which various details were given, and some of the chief circumstances connected with the working of coal mines, of which several diagrams were exhibited. From the river Coquet to the Tees, the coal-fields of Northumberland and Durham extend along the coast a distance of about 50 miles: the extreme breadth is nearly 25 miles, and the average breadth about 16 miles; the total area from 700 to 800 miles. The entire series of coal seams or beds by no means extend over so large a space, and different qualities of coal abound in separate portions of the district. The application of cages, introduced by Mr. T. Y. Hall, effected great economy in the methods of bringing coal to the surface. The several coal seams, and the accompanying beds of silicious and other strata, as found at Townley colliery, were shown by a large section and drawing, which had been expressly prepared for the purpose of illustrating, on a large scale, the general outline of colliery workings, by Mr. J. B. Simpson, son of the viewer of that colliery, and it furnished, at the same time, an excellent specimen of delineation of such objects. Open spaces in the midst of the plan showed what is locally termed the *broken or waste*, being the excavated coal wholly removed; but the greater part of the diagram was occupied with a representation of the preliminary operations which, in the first instance, constitute the ordinary workings of a coal mine or colliery. Access to the coal is obtained by means of vertical shafts. One of these is the *downcast shaft*, the other the *upcast shaft*, which names are derived from the important use of these shafts in ventilating the mine. The air descends, or goes down the downcast shaft, and then, after having traversed the workings of the colliery, rises up the upcast shaft. The depth of the downcast shaft represented was about 63 fathoms, i.e. 408 feet, somewhat more than the height of St. Paul's dome, and almost exactly double the height of the Monument, which is 202 feet. Pillars of coal, varying from 40 to 50, 60, or 100 yards, are left to support the strata round the shaft—in this instance they are fifty yards square; the diameter of the shaft is 13 feet. The winning head-ways, boards, pillars, &c., were described by reference to the plan. After advertising to the localities which formerly produced or do now produce household, coking, or steam coal, allusion was made to the Roman Wall, the east termination of which, midway between Newcastle and the sea, gave rise to the well-known name of *Wallsend* coal—a large colliery at that place, (which was also the residence of the eminent viewer, Mr. Buddle,) having produced an excellent description of household coal; and the high estimation of *Wallsend* coal led to the appellation being extended to others. At present vast quantities of the best household coal are produced from collieries in the districts near Haswell, Hetton, Seaham, &c., south of the river Wear. Coking coal abounds in the western part of the coal-fields; and steam coal is extensively worked in several parts of the county of Northumberland, chiefly in an area of fifty square miles, between the rivers Coquet and Tyne—the locality of the principal collieries being indicated by railways, or *wagon ways*. These various qualities of coal, owing to the vast development of steam navigation, railway locomotion, the iron trade, and various chemical and manufacturing pro-

cesses, in the last thirty years, have attained an importance far exceeding that which one apprehended to the *Wallsend* coal of the north banks of the Tyne.—The Roman Wall itself received a passing notice, as one of the most remarkable antiquities of the North of England; and drawings were exhibited of some of its more conspicuous features. The connexion between the conditions of physical geography and the works of human art was exemplified in the fact of the Romans having diverged from a direct line, to avail themselves of steep and romantic precipices formed of basalt, the overflowing of which, in the midst of regularly stratified rocks, is especially deserving of note, both as a geological and mining condition, and as an index to several of the most remarkable objects, both of nature and art, in the mining districts of the North of England. The greatest known mass of this basalt is found near the rise of the river Tees; and Mr. Burlison, of Durham, has recently made a careful painting, which was placed on the table, showing the basaltic rocks, at the waterfall of Cauldron Snout. Passing northward, and somewhat west of the limits of the Northumberland coal-fields, the basalt is found near Alnwick, in the pleasure-grounds of the Duke of Northumberland, at Dunstanbrough Castle, Bamburgh Castle, Holy Island Castle, and at Farn Islands. The production of the coal mines of the Northumberland and Durham district now reaches an amount little, if any, short of fourteen millions tons annually. In round numbers, and as conveying a general approximation, it may be considered that of this quantity six millions are destined for London and the coast trade, and about two and a half millions exported abroad; the consumption of coal for coke (inland, coast, and foreign) is about two and a half millions; colliery engines and workmen consume upwards of a million tons; and the ordinary local consumption of the district may be taken at about two millions. Of this enormous quantity, a conception can only be formed by reducing it to some other standards of comparison, as for example:—This quantity of coal, if formed into blocks of one cubic yard each, would cover about four square miles; and if the same quantity of coal be considered as forming the coating of a road, one inch thick and six yards wide, it would extend considerably more than four thousand miles. Blocks of one cubic foot can be readily comprehended; and if one person were employed to count these blocks at the rate of three thousand six hundred in every hour, and thirty-six thousand every day, it would occupy him more than ten years to complete his task. The variable thickness of different coal seams was adverted to, and the number and thickness of the seams or beds of coal in the North of England described. Several illustrations were shown from an able work recently completed by Mr. Greenwell on *Mine Engineering*. The thickness of the Newcastle seams varies from an inch to five and a half feet; the aggregate thickness of nearly sixty seams amounts to about seventy-five feet, or nearly four per cent. of the entire mass of strata. Nine only of these beds exceed two and a half feet, and the aggregate quantity of workable coal is, therefore, only about one-half of the above quantity. The depth at which the mines are worked was shown by several examples, varying from nearly three hundred fathoms (eighteen hundred feet) at Monkwearmouth, to shallow pits, worked at a small depth from the surface, near the outcrop of the coal. The detailed maps by Mr. J. W. Bell, of Newcastle, one of which was shown, exhibit the boundaries of property in the coal field, and form a valuable local record of the position and extent of the various collieries. The general situation and extent of the *Lead* mining district was described by reference to the map, and a number of plans and sections explained the manner in which mineral veins occur, and the details of works by which access is had to them. Accurate returns of the produce of lead and other minerals are now obtained for Government, by the instrumentality of the Mining Record Office, established in connexion with the Museum of Economic Geology. The

total produce of lead has been estimated at about one hundred thousand tons; and, as a rough approximation of the last few years, it may be considered that six-tenths of this, or sixty thousand tons, are raised in Great Britain—England alone producing about forty thousand tons. The North of England lead mining districts furnish about twenty thousand tons, and one moiety of this is raised in the W.B. mines of Mr. Beaumont—the initials W.B. (William Blackett) being the well-known trade mark of the lead produced from these, the most extensive lead mines in the world. The annual produce, when formed into one and a half-stone pigs or ingots of lead, would, if laid in a direct line, extend about seventy miles. In these mines water-pressure engines were first introduced about eighty years ago; and within the last five years a still more important application of water power has been made by the use of the hydraulic engines patented by W. G. Armstrong and Co. of Newcastle. The existence of vast deposits of *Iron* ore near the mouth of the Tees and in various other localities, as also the rapidly increasing development and importance of the iron trade in the North of England, were briefly adverted to. Little more than one hundred years ago the quantity of iron made in this kingdom was about twenty-five thousand tons, and at the beginning of this century one hundred and seventy thousand tons. Fifteen years ago this quantity had increased to one and a half millions of tons, and at present the production reaches, and probably exceeds, two and a half millions of tons. A description of several architectural antiquities was given with reference to drawings, prepared under the direction of Dr. Bruce, of Newcastle; amongst which were portions of *Norham Castle*, on the Tweed, and *Richmond Castle*, in Yorkshire, exhibiting the massive character of these strongholds; the entrance gateway of *Alnwick Castle*, and Norman doorways at the Castle in Newcastle, and in *Durham Cathedral* and *Castle*. Some of these examples are remarkable for richness of architectural detail, others for a simplicity of style, which affords a useful model—combining economy with the appropriate expression of the Norman character of building. The principal towns in this part of the North of England were shown on the large map by circles of red colour, varying according to the amount of population. Of this only a rapid notice could be given in round numbers: Newcastle, the chief town, contains about ten thousand houses, and eighty-eight thousand inhabitants. Gateshead, on the opposite bank of the Tyne, has three thousand five hundred houses, and twenty-five thousand inhabitants—together, a population of one hundred and thirteen thousand. North and South Shields, lying on opposite sides of the Tyne at its mouth, have nearly eight thousand houses, and sixty thousand inhabitants; and this amount is somewhat exceeded by Sunderland. These towns, with the city of Durham, altogether contain upwards of thirty thousand houses, and more than a quarter of a million inhabitants, being about one-tenth of the population and houses of the Metropolis; the proportional number of inhabitants to a house is nearly the same. The number of persons to a square mile in Northumberland is one hundred and fifty-four; in Cumberland, one hundred and twenty-five; but in Durham, owing to the great number and extent of colliery and manufacturing operations, the population is four hundred to the square mile, and from the same influence of mining conditions, the increase of population in fifty years, from 1801 to 1851, which in Northumberland has been 79 per cent., and in Cumberland 66 per cent., has been in Durham 160 per cent. Several illustrations of the geology and mining of the North of England were separately noticed, as conveying a clearer idea than could be conveyed by mere verbal description; amongst these were sections of strata in various parts of the lead mine districts, showing the remarkable conformity which prevails over about 400 square miles of the country near the junction of the several counties of Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland, West-

moreland, and Yorkshire, also sections of lead mines, showing the mode of access by horizontal adits or levels, and vertical shafts, with the several galleries and other excavations, for obtaining lead ore from veins: the position of these relatively to the strata was delineated on several drawings. [After the lecture, several excellent microscopic sections of coal, from the North of England, were shown by Mr. Sopwith, in the Library.]

ANTIQUARIES.—*May 3rd.*—The Earl Stanhope, President, in the chair. The President nominated Sir Robert Harry Inglis to the vacant Vice-President's chair, an appointment which the lamented death of the worthy Baronet has cancelled! The following memorandum was read from the chair:—"Restoration.—The numerous instances of the destruction of the character of ancient monuments which are taking place under the pretence of restoration, induce the Executive Committee, to which the Society of Antiquaries has entrusted the management of its 'Conservation Fund,' to call the special attention of the Society to the subject, in the hope that its influence may be exerted to stop, or at least moderate, the pernicious practice. The evil is an increasing one; and it is to be feared that, unless a strong and immediate protest be made against it, the monumental remains of England will, before long, cease to exist as truthful records of the past. Much as these monuments have necessarily suffered from time, and much as their decay is to be attributed to the neglect of their owners, the Members of the Committee have no hesitation in expressing their conviction that these two causes combined have inflicted less injury than the indiscreet zeal for restoration. Though time and neglect may impair, and eventually destroy, they do not add to a building; nor do they pervert the truthfulness of monuments. Restoration may possibly, indeed, produce a good imitation of an ancient work of art; but the original is thus falsified, and in its renovated state it is no longer an example of the art of the period to which it belonged. Unfortunately, too, the more exact the imitation, the more it is adapted to mislead posterity; and even the best imitation must unavoidably impair the historical interest and artistic value of the prototype, so that, in truth, a monument restored is frequently a monument destroyed. Did the public at large really know how imperfectly the principles and practice of ancient art are understood, and how very few of the so-called restorations have any just pretensions to fidelity, or could they appreciate the rash presumption of those who in general recommend and undertake such work, much less would be heard of money being lavishly spent in thus perpetrating irreparable mischief with the best intentions. The Committee strongly urge that, except where restoration is called for in churches by the requirements of Divine service, or in other cases of manifest public utility, no restoration should ever be attempted, otherwise than as the word 'restoration' may be understood in the sense of preservation from further injuries by time or negligence:—they contend that anything beyond this is untrue in art, unjustifiable in taste, destructive in practice, and wholly opposed to the judgment of the best Archaeologists." The President exhibited a set of bronze toilet-implements, found in an urn at Eye, in Suffolk. The Rev. Henry Creed exhibited a black urn of the same character as those usually found in that neighbourhood. Mr. Cahusac exhibited a brass-bound copy of the Gospels, in the Russo-Greek character, found after the battle of Inkermann. On one side of the cover are five enamels, representing the four Evangelists and the Ascension. Mr. Fairholt exhibited a series of mediæval girdle-ornaments, from the collection of Mr. Roach Smith, on the devices and style of which he offered some remarks. Mr. Morgan, M.P., exhibited a drawing of a very beautiful Roman pavement discovered on his estate at Caerwent, about eighty years since. The original has been broken up and destroyed. Mr. Morgan stated to the meeting that it was his inten-

tion to commence a series of investigations by excavations at this spot, which he felt confident would prove an English Pompeii. Mr. Henry Harrod, Local Secretary for Norfolk, exhibited and read a description of a number of remarkable fragments in enamelled bronze, supposed to be horse-trappings, discovered recently in Suffolk. They resemble similar objects found at Stanwick, and presented by the Duke of Northumberland to the British Museum.

R. S. OF LITERATURE.—April 18th.—Sir John Doratt, V.-P., in the chair. Dr. Patrick Colquhoun read an able paper 'On the Topographical History of the Tauric Chersonese,' in which he gave a very interesting account of all that is known of a district now so anxiously watched, as the centre of the great struggle now in progress, and traced its geographical and topographical history from the earliest period down to the present time. Dr. Colquhoun pointed out, that in ancient times this peninsula was subdivided into that which was strictly called the *Heracleote*, in contradistinction to the rest of the *Tauric Chersonese*: and stated that the former is exactly that portion of the Crimea now occupied by the French and English armies. A very full and, on the whole, accurate account of the whole country is given by Strabo, while many facts illustrative of its history may be gleaned from Herodotus, Scymnus of Chios, Arrian, Ptolemy, and Constantinus Porphyrogenitus. Dr. Colquhoun remarked that Homer's description of the port to which Ulysses escaped from the Cyclops is so accurate, that it may almost certainly be identified with Balaklava, a name most probably derived from the ancient Palakion, and not from the Genoese *Bella Chiava*: he also identified the bay of Sebastopol with the ancient Ktenous, and considered the famous temple, of which Iphigenia was the priestess, must have been near the monastery of St. George, about midway between Balaklava and Cape Fanari.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Monday.**—Geographical, 1 p.m.—(Anniversary).
—British Architects, 8 p.m.
—Institute of Actuaries, 7 p.m.—(On the Analogy between the Aggregate Effects of the Human Will, and those attributed to Chance. By W. A. Guy, M.B.)
- Tuesday.**—Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.
—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Professor Tyndall on Voltaic Electricity.)
- Wednesday.**—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—(Messrs. Mather and Platt on Earth Boring Machinery.)
—Geological, 8 p.m.—(1. On the occurrence of a Bore at Port Lloyd, Bonin Islands. By P. W. Graves, Esq., H.M. Consul. From the Foreign Office. 2. Notice of the occurrence of an Earthquake at Brussa, on April 11, 1865. By D. Sandison, Esq., H.M. Consul. From the Foreign Office. 3. On the Extension of the Coal Measures beneath the South-Eastern parts of England. By B. Godwin Austen, Esq., F.G.S.)
—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Dr. Du Bois-Reymond on Electro-Physiology.)
- Thursday.**—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Mr. G. Scharf, jun., on Christian Art.)
- Friday.**—Royal Institution, 8½ p.m.—(Prof. Tyndall on the Currents of the Leyden Battery.)
—Botanical, 8 p.m.
- Saturday.**—Astric, 2 p.m.—(Anniversary.)
—Botanic, 3½ p.m.
—Royal Institution, 2 p.m.—(Dr. Du Bois-Reymond on Electro-Physiology.)

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Dresden.
I HAVE lately enjoyed the pleasure of seeing the sketches which Professor Julius Hübner designed for a window to be erected in the cathedral of Cracow. A few years ago, the attention of Count Alexander Prizidziecki, who was travelling in Saxony, was called to the stained glass windows in the chapel of the country seat of the late king of Saxony, near Dresden. The Count immediately requested Hübner to design a window for a chapel to be built in memory of his mother. The picture, which is set in a beautiful Gothic framework, is divided into three principal compartments, with a rosette at the top, and three small divisions for coats of arms beneath. In the centre partition,

the figure of the Virgin Mary is represented standing, and holding in her arms the infant Christ. Her head is surrounded with a glory, her hair long and waving, and the folds of her flowing drapery simply and gracefully arranged. On the left of the Virgin, Saint Hyacinthus, the founder of the order of Saint Dominick in Poland, is kneeling with upraised and clasped hands, and on the right Saint Adelaide in the same attitude. The rosette is ornamented with the figure of a kneeling angel with outstretched wings, supported on clouds, and bearing a shield on which is represented the dog carrying the torch of light for the faithful, which was the symbol of the Dominican order. Every figure in the picture is imbued with the strong religious feeling which is so remarkable a characteristic of this artist's works. The execution of Hübner's design in glass was entrusted to Herr Scheinerl, of Meissen, and I hear he has succeeded wonderfully. The window has, I hear, arrived safely at Cracow, and been received enthusiastically by all the artists and connoisseurs of that town.

Being on the subject of stained glass, I may here mention that the minster of Charlemagne, at Aix la Chapelle, is about to be enriched by the addition of two very handsome stained glass windows, which the King of Prussia has enabled the Karl Verein to purchase.

At Meissen, which is only an hour's distance from Dresden by the railway, a festival was held on the 11th of April, to commemorate the centenary anniversary of the birthday of Hahnemann, the founder of the homoeopathic school of medicine. There were assembled together people from all parts of Saxony, from Austria, Prussia, Anhalt, Hamburg, and even from America. From the hotel where they met together, the admirers of Hahnemann walked in procession to the *Afra* school, where the bust of the great Saxon physician is placed, and where speeches were made, and from thence to the house in which he was born. All the houses in this street were ornamented with garlands of flowers and festoons of leaves, and flags waved from the roofs and windows, whilst to the sound of music a curtain was raised which concealed an iron tablet bearing an inscription in golden letters, which had been inserted in the stone-work of the house. The theory and practice of Hahnemann's system of medical treatment was afterwards fully discussed, and a most agreeable evening closed the day's festivities.

A Cologne artist, by name Gisbert Fluggen, now resident at Munich, has, I find, received an order to embody in a picture the last hours of Frederick Augustus, the late King of Saxony. The scene is to be laid in the little road-side inn at Brennbricht, at the time when the dying king is receiving the last sacrament; the royal adjutants, the men who had carried in the wounded king, and the family of the innkeeper, stand sorrowfully around, affording good matters for contrast both in the expression of the faces and in the costume.

There has been an attempt made here—indeed the vote was carried by the Lower House of Representatives—to impose a tax of five groschens, about 6d. English, upon all visitors to the gallery. In excuse for this seemingly illiberal movement, it was alleged that the funds for artistic purposes at the disposal of the Government were very limited, that the expenses of the erection of the new gallery were enormous, and that the proposed plan of heating the rooms during winter, of providing additional *custodes*, and throwing the gallery open to the public all the year round, must entail a considerable outlay. The matter has been very warmly discussed for the last three months, both in public and private, and the original motion has, I understand, been rejected by the Upper House. There is, however, much, in my opinion, to be said in favour of a moderate entrance fee, at least on three out of the six days of the week.

Galleries and places of public resort, especially if well warmed in winter, when thrown open indiscriminately to the public, are too often made mere places of rendezvous, where people come together

to meet their friends, to discuss their affairs, to laugh, talk, and amuse themselves, to the great annoyance of those who go to enjoy the works of the great masters, or to devote their time to the study of art. This complaint has often been made to me in reference to the present Dresden gallery in summer; and any one who has spent a winter or two in Rome, must remember how St. Peter's is turned into a lounge before dinner, when the weather is too inclement to do the ruins, or too cold to saunter through the galleries.

These evils might, I think, be obviated, and the Saxon public in no way incommenced by enforcing an entrance fee to the gallery on three days in the week, leaving the other three free to those whose means or inclination prevented them paying. An idea of the difficulty of guarding the costly treasures which are scattered through the various museums and galleries of Dresden may be formed from the fact, that two or three years ago a picture of considerable value was actually unscrewed from the wall of the gallery in broad daylight, and carried off by two (*soi-disant*) ladies to Leipzig. The foolish attempt to dispose of it to a dealer in one of the principal towns of Saxony, and within a few hours of Dresden, insured their detection and the recovery of the picture.

From Rome I learn that Monaldi, the well-known publisher in that city, has commenced a work of considerable interest—namely, the printing and publishing of all the 'Livres des Chants' and Liturgies in the Catholic Church. The want of such a work may easily be imagined when one remembers that the latest existing edition is upwards of one hundred years old. Monaldi has obtained from the Roman Government the privilege of copyright for fifty years.

The library of Cardinal Mai has been added to that of the Vatican. The late Cardinal bequeathed, in his will, all his MSS. to the Vatican absolutely, and left his printed books to be valued and given for half their estimated price to the Vatican; but if not purchased for that sum, to be then publicly sold by auction. The Pope has succeeded in obtaining them for 10,000 scudi; they are to occupy the Borgian rooms, and all the works of art which were in these apartments to be transferred to the Museum of the Vatican, except those connected with the Christian times, which are to be placed in the Lateran Museum. All duplicates in the collection of Cardinal Mai's books are to be presented to the Collegium Pianum, of which institution he was the founder.

The correspondence of Marshal St. Arnaud, which is, I hear, shortly to be published, is said to contain much matter of interest. It commences with La Vendée, and terminates with the Crimea.

Kaulbach's two new pictures, the portrait of the Empress of Austria, and a life-size picture of the Princess of Hohenloë Schillingsfürst, are now being exhibited in his studio at an entrance fee of twelve kreuzers (about 4d.), the proceeds to be devoted to the funds of the society to assist decayed artists.

VARIETIES.

Washington Irving's Residence.—The house at Sunnyside, in which Washington Irving resided, is one he built some three years ago. It is about two and a-half miles below Tarrytown, directly on the banks of the Hudson. It is built on the site of the Van Tassel House. In fact, the new structure includes a portion of the old walls. At an earlier day it was called Wolfert's Roost—Wolfert Acker being one of the privy councillors of the renowned Peter Stuyvesant. Afterwards it came into the possession of the Van Tassels. It was here that the quilting party and dance took place so graphically described in the Legends of Sleepy Hollow. It was here that the unfortunate Ichabod Crane and Brow Bows unequivocally met, both being suitors for the hand and heart of Kate Van Tassel. Your readers will recall the amusing incidents of that story, and especially the last appearance of Ichabod Crane. A weathercock of miserable appearance is perched upon the gable end of the main building. It was once the ornament

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of the old Stadt House of New York, in the time of the old Dutch rule. The house is surrounded by trees—some wild, and some planted by Irving. The buildings are nearly covered with vines and creepers. The trumpet-flower and ivy-vine are the most conspicuous of them. The ivy, that grows unusually rank, has a peculiar interest. It was brought from Melrose Abbey, near Abbotsford, Scotland, some twenty years ago. It was brought by a Mrs. Trenwick, an intimate friend of Mr. Irving, and planted at Sunnyside by her own fair hands. This lady was a Miss Jean Jeffrey. Her father was a minister, and it was of this lovely girl, then about seventeen, that Burns wrote the beautiful stanzas among the gems of his poetry.

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By Order of the Directors,
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